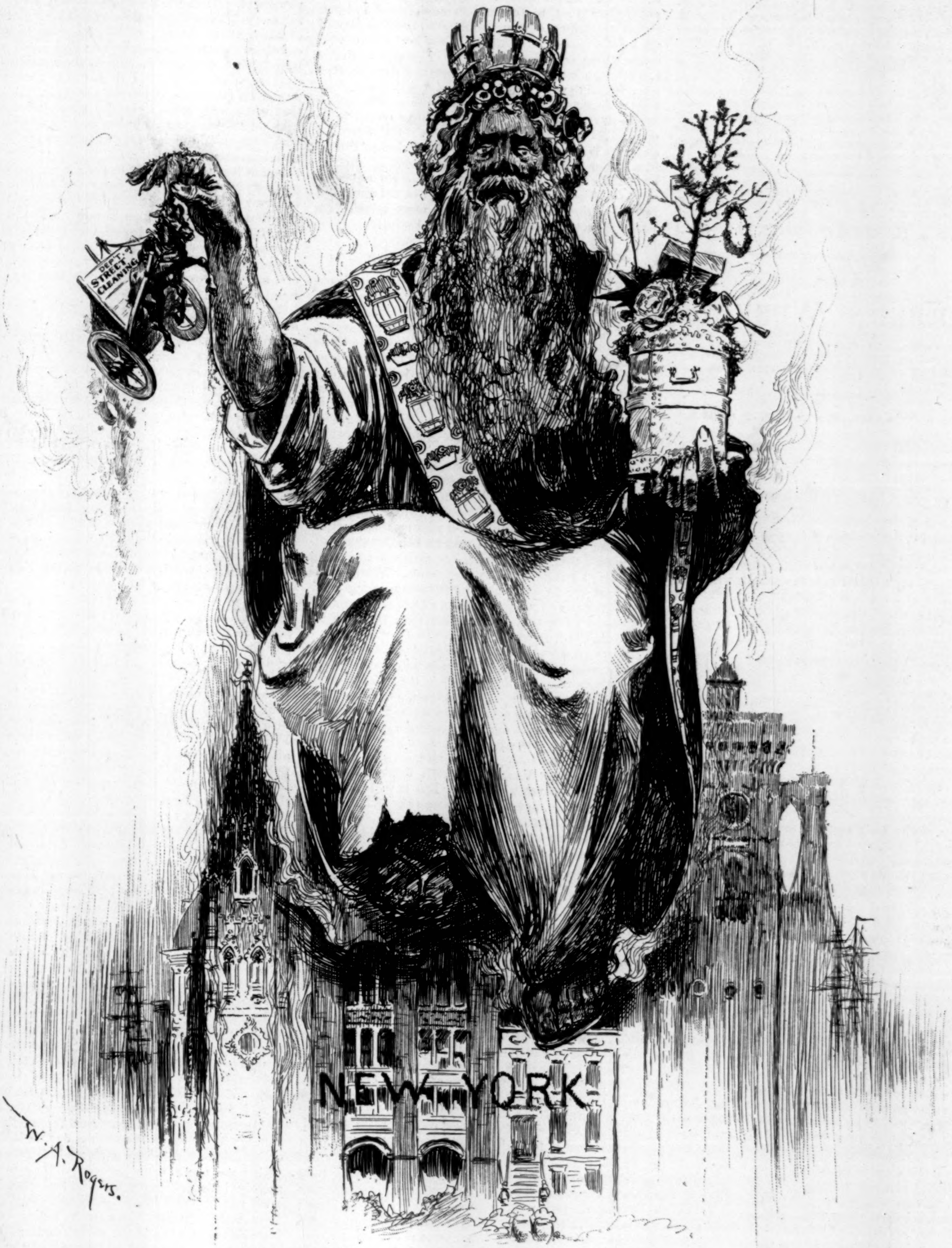
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXV.—No. 1781.
Copyright, 1891, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.


DEP'T. of STREET CLEANING
NEW YORK
W. A. Rogers.

KING GARBAGE REIGNS.—[SEE PAGE 102.]

Smalley's Letters.

LONDON LETTERS, AND SOME OTHERS. By GEORGE W. SMALLEY, London Correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Vol. I. Personalities—Two Midlothian Campaigns. Vol. II. Notes on Social Life—Notes on Parliament—Pageants—Miscellanies. 2 volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00.

For the most part Mr. Smalley tells of English life and English public men, and what he has to tell is told in the best manner of what Matthew Arnold used to call the "New Journalism." . . . He has a keen eye for the salient points of character and individuality, a vivid way of presenting great scenes and memorable occasions, and a wide acquaintance with English social life, its ways and its personalities.—*London Times.*

Will be read with interest and pleasure by everybody into whose hands they fall. Mr. Smalley is a keen observer of English life, on its social as well as its political side.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Mr. George W. Smalley is a power in journalism. No letters written from England before his day, and no letters written since, have been comparable to his in dignity of style or authority of information. He has sources of news at his command that are closed to other correspondents; exalted personages break his bread and eat his salt, and cheerfully confide to him their secrets and gossip of government.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Any one into whose hands these volumes may fall, if he but open them, is sure to become a reader. He will alight on some passage which compels the perusal of at least two or three pages. After that he is no longer a free agent.—*Glasgow Herald.*

The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

No. 1781.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING SKETCHES OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CLOSURE IN THE SENATE.

THE course of the election bill was again suddenly arrested by the success of a motion to consider the apportionment bill. The whole contest, as we said last week, has been a test of the parliamentary quickness of party leaders on both sides, in which the honors apparently go to Mr. GORMAN, the Democratic chief. As we write, the election bill has been set aside, but if there are really votes enough to pass it, they can be summoned to set aside the apportionment bill and restore the ALDRICH bill for "closure," on demand of the previous question. The situation reveals only more strongly the want of united party support of the bill in the Senate, and the total absence of any popular approval. There was perhaps never a measure urged as a distinctive party measure which had less ardent and general party support. Many of the speeches in the Senate, much of the reported comment of the party leaders, and the treatment of the party press, have been purely perfunctory. They have had a tone of formal acquiescence, but not of strong conviction. The only earnest and forcible feeling upon the subject seemed to be that of the opposition, and in this condition the final passage of the bill would seem to be highly improbable.

The feeling of hostility is undoubtedly strengthened by the proposed closure bill. The general argument for some form of the previous question in the Senate, however sound in itself, has thus far overlooked entirely the fact that this particular closure bill does not assume that the transaction of business in the Senate demands such a rule, but that it is required by the exigencies of a party in trying to pass a bill which the party does not unitedly favor. If it were demonstrated that the necessity exists, it is of a kind which demands a general rule, as in the House of Representatives or the House of Commons, not a temporary arrangement. There is another consideration which seems to have been overlooked. The present rules provide no method of ending debate. It is practically endless, so long as any Senator wishes to speak, except by a contest of physical endurance. Of course, therefore, there is no rule by which debate of the closure scheme can be closed. It is understood, therefore, that this can be accomplished only by a violation by the presiding officer of the Senatorial freedom of speech. He must refuse to recognize an opponent of the bill, and decide points of order against unquestionable right. This is in effect revolutionary, and if justifiable as the will of the majority, it is the end of proper parliamentary law. But if it be justifiable, it is as valid for the passage of the election bill as for that of the closure bill. If the presiding officer may refuse to recognize an opponent of the one, he may equally decline to see an opponent of the other. It is, in fact, the extinction of the minority, and debate becomes a proceeding simply tolerated by the majority.

We do not deny the difficulty. We agree that the minority cannot be suffered to prevent the action of the majority. That is quite as revolutionary as the other proceeding. The only remedy is the adoption of some form of the previous question by common consent, upon conditions obviously fair, and at a time when no party measure is pending, and the subject can be considered solely in the interest of legislative business. The attempt to accomplish it under existing circumstances was desperate. Whether it has been foiled cannot yet be determined. The object sought by the ALDRICH bill, like that of the LODGE bill, is a perfectly good one. Everybody will agree that the minority must not finally obstruct the action of the responsible majority, and that elections should be honest. These truths are not denied. But it does not follow that to accomplish such good objects, rights, traditions, customs, and circumstances should all be disregarded. Statesmanship is the commonsense which considers them all. The argument for the election bill has been in substance that negroes are entitled to vote, that in some places they are practically deprived of the right, that the consequences are most injurious, and that something ought to be done. As a statement that is true. But the vital question is whether Congressional legislation can do it, whether it must not be done by forces of another kind than legislation can command. No advocate of the bill, so far as we have seen, has yet answered fairly the question which has been often asked, "Do you believe it would affect the actual vote?"

CIVIC GREATNESS AND DIRT.

THE citizens of New York are not bashful nor backward in celebrating the greatness of the city, and in claiming for it a metropolitan primacy. They naturally believe that it is the centre and head of America, and cannot but suspect that foreigners from the effete despotisms must greatly exult when at last, after ages of oppression and suffering, they arrive in the bay dominated by Liberty Enlightening the World, step ashore at the Battery, and tread the Broadway of what must seem to them a kind of New Jerusalem. This is the natural view of the New-Yorker. America is the chief country on the globe, and New York is its flowering crest. The newly arrived pilgrim begins by surveying the stately pleasure-ground of the Bowling Green, an appetizing hint of forth-coming joys. Fresh from Strasburg or Milan, his eyes rest fascinated upon Trinity Church, and when a little further advanced upon his upward way he beholds the Post-office and the Astor House, his satisfied hope and bewildered imagination ask no more. When he is told that the great Western metropolis is the only cosmopolitan city, more Irish than Ireland, more German than Germany, more Italian than Italy, he believes that too, or wisely forbears to deny it.

Above all, however, it is the capital of the American genius, enterprise, energy, resource, wit, and industry which have wrought the miracle of the United States. New York indeed is willing to concede that there are older cities and some civic works worthy of attention even in towns which are not American. It will not deny also that some foreign places have a certain historic and romantic, literary and artistic, interest, for which New York, busy with more important affairs, has not yet had time. But it will attend to them presently and outdo the world. Such is the cheerful complacency of this good city. Yet it is droll and undeniable that with all its grandeur and kindly condescension to other famous towns, it cannot keep itself clean. Greece and Rome and Germany and France and England may strive in vain to overcome it in renown, but garbage and refuse and litter and dirt of every kind and degree utterly subdue it. It may spend millions and millions of dollars for what it calls its government, and savagely resent legislative interference, and maintain thousands of stipendiaries of every grade, and denounce Dirt in public meetings, and thunder at it in a free and forcible press, and swear at it in clubs, and scold at it in private parlors, but Dirt remains triumphant, and, proud of its supremacy, compels New York to be known as the dirtiest city in the world.

There is something exquisitely ludicrous in this utter and helpless subjugation of a great city by Dirt. It is really doubtful whether it is more the city of the Bowling Green and the Post-office than of dirty streets. All the genius, experience, resource, science, skill, industry, to which the city proudly points and which it proudly celebrates, cannot help her. The statesmanship of her City Hall, her overflowing treasury, her army of broom and machine sweepers, and bosses of every name, cannot keep her streets clean; and now, abandoning all the vain endeavor of official organization, the Mayor implores a few private citizens, for pity's sake and the sake of cleanliness, to do or to advise somebody else how to do the work for which a great department exists, for which an enormous outlay of money is authorized, and an enormous army of sweepers raises a tremendous dust. Thus far private enterprise and expense are alone able to cope with omnipresent and all-conquering and confounding Dirt. Dirt has brought the proud metropolis to shame. As Queen ELIZABETH is said to have hurled foul scorn at Parma and at Spain, Dirt heaps filth upon the city that proposes to outdo the world. Has popular government failed at this ridiculous point? Are republican institutions unable to keep city streets clean? Are effete despotisms to be suffered to sit comfortably in cleanly capitals and chuckle at democracy mired in its own incapacity? Whatever the ignoble spell, is it fatal? Can we, who abolished slavery, not clean city streets?

THE WOES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AN unhappy fate pursues the World's Fair. There was the long contest between New York and Chicago, which aroused disagreeable feeling. Then there was the question of time and the wisdom of postponement. Then the prolonged difficulties of selecting a site. Then the question of the kind and degree of national responsibility. Then the doubt whether countries to whose industries our high tariff was inhospitable would care to exhibit their products in a country which proclaimed that it didn't want them. And now the force bill stops the Fair. It is droll that while we propose to hold a great industrial exhibition to celebrate America and its discoverer, at which we should insist that our politics are our chief and beneficent production, it is our politics which threaten it with disaster. In New York, before Congress had acted, the controversy had become a comical row over patronage and the control of the Presidential election, in which Tammany Hall and Mr. PLATT were the leaders, and which culminated in the never-to-be-sufficiently-celebrated meeting at the Cooper Union, over the report of which strong men are supposed to have wept with inextinguishable laughter.

It was a very remarkable comedy, the degeneration of a solemn international scheme of a World's Fair commemorative of COLUMBUS and the discovery of America into a squabble over potential patronage. But it is no less comical that it should now be regarded as a party enterprise, and the participation in it of States of the Union be made dependent on the defeat of a political bill pending in Congress. Some Legislatures in Southern States, and those of Illinois, Indiana, New York, and probably of other States, when this paper is issued, have resolved and are resolving not to appropriate money for the purposes of the Fair if the election bill should pass. But where shall the line of such legislation be drawn? The argument is in substance, not in form, that the Fair is a Republican enterprise, and as the Republican party in Congress is trying to pass a sectional bill subversive of State rights, therefore no money shall be granted for the Fair. The principle of such action is that if a proposed appropriation for the most absolutely national and non-partisan purpose will probably prove of benefit to a party, the opposition party may properly defeat it. This would lead to queer results. If it were proposed that the State of New York should decorate its new Capitol with a statue of Governor JOHN JAY, one of its most illustrious sons and statesmen, it might be objected in a Democratic Legislature that JOHN JAY was a Federal leader, and that the honor to him would exalt the old Federal party, of which the modern Republican was held to be in sympathy the descendant.

Such talk would be absurd, but not more absurd than to refuse to countenance and aid the World's Fair because its executive administration is largely Republican, and the Republicans are trying to pass a force bill. It is certainly proper for intelligent citizens and parties and clubs to endeavor by argument and appeal and petition to influence Congressional legislation. But it is not legitimate influence when a party majority in a State Legislature refuses appropriations for patriotic and national objects in order to spite party opponents. All such common objects intrusted to individual direction in a country of party government will, of course, be committed to persons who in the determination of political questions are partisans. But a Fair of this kind is not a political enterprise, and if political patronage affects its selection of watchmen and guards and porters and messengers to a degree which justifies such action as is now proposed, it is because our system of party politics has destroyed our capacity of patriotic action. If such conduct were legitimate politics, it would be the strongest possible commentary on WASHINGTON'S warning against the perils of party spirit. As party tactics such a course is folly. In every Legislature where such resolutions as those of which we speak were introduced they would have merely inflamed party feeling, and members who were not disposed in the particular measure of the force bill to go with their party, would have fallen into line at the tap of the party drum, and thus the action would have aroused throughout the country a party support for the force bill which did not exist. It would, in fact, have accelerated the passage of the bill. Meanwhile the force bill seems to have been disposed of. But the moral remains.

A RECKONING OF REFORM.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of the Civil Service Commission, very properly calls attention to two very important results accomplished by the Commission. It has at last succeeded in arousing the Southern States to an active interest in the reformed system, so that they have now received their full share of appointments in the departmental service in Washington; and that service has become almost absolutely non-partisan. This is a signal illustration of the steady progress of reform under circumstances which, Mr. ROOSEVELT frankly concedes, surround the task of the Commission with great difficulty. There is "the intense and interested hostility of the great mass of self-seeking politicians, and of the much larger mass of office-seekers," whose sole hope of success is political influence. There are also a great deal of popular indifference and ignorance, and the "mean and vicious cynicism" of many public men.

But two especial difficulties are, doubt of the political honesty of the examinations, and ignorance of the scope and limits of the reformed system. As a general rule, Republicans are slow to apply for examination under a Democratic administration, and Democrats under Republican control, because they take it for granted that adherents of the dominant party will be preferred. But the honesty of the departmental examinations has now been so completely demonstrated that the doubt is disappearing. The quota of the Southern States in appointments, however, was not filled, but steadily declined, even under Mr. CLEVELAND's administration. But when Congress authorized the appointment of some six hundred additional clerks in the departments at Washington, the Commission, before holding examinations in the Southern States, invited Southern members of Congress and newspaper correspondents to a conference, explained the whole matter to them in detail, assuring them of the strict impartiality and non-partisan character of the examinations, and urging them to make the facts known in the Southern States. The members of Congress and the newspapers cordially co-operated in the manner suggested, and the result was that "the South obtained nearly three hundred of the six hundred appointments, and the Southern States now stand almost level with the Northern as regards their quotas."

Naturally the great mass of these Southern appointments "are politically opposed to the party in power." This is a substantial and permanent victory for the reformed system, of which each one of the three hundred is an illustration and a missionary. Ignorance of the scope of the reform is not confined to the Southern States. The law affects only about thirty thousand places, leaving about four times that number outside of it. It is not surprising that when a fourth-class postmaster is turned out for his politics, and a census enumerator appointed by political influence, the observer should refuse to believe that a clerk in the New York Post-office or Custom-house is appointed solely upon his proved fitness, and wholly without regard to politics or influence. This is undoubtedly confusing. But it is intelligible enough upon a little reflection. The operation of the law at the outset was purposely limited. The argument, of course, is the same for a post-office of forty-nine clerks as for one of fifty. But it was thought best to try the experiment with fifty, and then extend the area of the operation of the law. Mr. ROOSEVELT's article is a most timely and stimulating report of the essential advance made by the reform, and it is undeniably creditable to the good faith of the administration that a Commission so able and courageous should have been selected to superintend the work.

AN AMERICAN SALON.

Two recent interesting incidents in the world of art are the scheme of Mr. CHANLER for a fund to send a pupil to study for five years in Europe, and that of a triennial national exhibition of American works at the Madison Square Garden, in New York. The latter scheme is placed under the control of the National Academy and other of the art associations, with such, presumably in other cities, as they may elect. For the success of such an enterprise representatives from all parts of the country, with no preponderance of New York influence, would seem to be indispensable, and they are cordially invited.

Such an exhibition would certainly tend to make artists in all parts of the country more generally known. It would be a test of local reputations and an opportunity of observing the signs of a distinctive American school. The National Academy of Design declined the invitation to take part in the enterprise if a new academy were contemplated, upon the sound ground that it would be better to make use of existing institutions than to found new ones. It does not forget its own title. But perhaps it might be charged with occasional forgetfulness, and challenged to show whether it were more national than any other local institution of the kind.

There is no disposition in the new movement, however, to invite differences. On the contrary, it is an effort to quicken both the interest of the public and the spirit of the artists. It aims at fair play and equal rights, the familiar American cry. It is an effort for an American exhibition in the interest of American art. It will be not only a test of local reputations and an indication of the condition of creative art in this country, but it will illustrate also the effective co-operative spirit of the artists. The call, as we understand, is general, and the response should be universal and generous.

SECRETARY WINDOM.

THE sudden death of Secretary WINDOM profoundly impressed the country; and yet such a death, immediate and painless, just as wise views of a great and pressing public question had been ably expressed, with a touching tone of timely warning, must be regarded for the dead as a euthanasia, although for the living the shock is tragical. The views of a Secretary of the Treasury, at a time when financial questions of the kind that now engage public attention are pending, could not be expected to be universally approved. Especially upon the subject of free silver coinage he could not hold and express sound views without arousing the "free silver" opposition.

But there was universal confidence in the ability and fairness and high integrity of Secretary WINDOM. He was a man of great public experience and conservative moderation of temperament. His mind was hospitable to new ideas, but it was not erratic or unwisely impulsive. His official discretion was great, and his death at this moment is a serious public loss. The reform in the civil service to which his party was pledged had in Mr. WINDOM a sincere friend. His testimony is very valuable. In his last report he said:

> "The beneficial influences of the civil service law in its practical workings are clearly apparent. Having been at the head of the Department both before and after its adoption, I am able to judge by comparison of the two systems, and have no hesitation in pronouncing the present condition of affairs as preferable in all respects."

It will be a difficult task to replace him, but there is no doubt that the President will select a Secretary of views consonant with those of his late adviser, so that the death of Mr. WINDOM will not be a misfortune as well as a loss.

FORESTRY IN NEW YORK.

THE numbers and enthusiasm of the late "forestry" meeting in New York show that public opinion is at last aroused to the serious misfortunes threatened by an ignorant neglect or an equally ignorant supervision of the Adirondack timber lands. Mr. WARREN HIGLEY, an expert in forestry, pointed out the rapid diminution of the forests, the wide-spread waste and reckless destruction, the increasing value of the woodlands, the growing inconstancy of rivers and streams, and the frequency of intermittent droughts and floods, and, with well-chosen and eloquent statistics and citation of the experience of other lands, made a very graphic and forcible presentation of the imperative necessity of immediate attention and action.

A series of crisp and incisive resolutions, stating the case, and recommending legislation to prohibit the building of railroads in the Adirondack region except after most stringent scrutiny and consideration by the Land-office and the State Forest Commission, to prohibit the building of dams, to increase the efficiency of State control in preventing forest fires, detecting and punishing trespassers, renewing the forests where destroyed, and establishing a thorough, conservative, and scientific forest administration, was offered.

Mr. CLEVELAND seconded the resolutions in a speech recalling his action as Governor in aid of forest preservation, and his experience as an "Adirondacker." He cited the happy result of the popular appeal for the rescue of Niagara, and suggested a similar agitation. The scheme proposed by the resolutions, he said, is simply to begin with the proper care of what we already own. After duly protecting that, we can acquire and protect other lands, and finally secure a public park. His speech, like the resolutions, evidently expressed the feeling of the meeting, which adopted the resolutions with a shout, and was then gratified and rewarded with a series of fine views of the Adirondack region from Professor BICKMORE's stereopticon.

AN ENGLISH EXPUNGING RESOLUTION.

BENTON's famous expunging resolution in the Senate of the United States provoked a more prolonged and impressive controversy than that of Sir WILLIAM GUYER HUNTER the other day in the British House of Commons. WEBSTER, CLAY, and CALHOUN united to pass a resolution of censure upon President JACKSON, and it was not until the close of JACKSON's administration that BENTON was able, after a debate which stirred the country, to secure the passage of his resolutions to expunge the censure from the journal. The final scene of the vote and of the expunging process is still an amusingly melodramatic passage in our political annals.

Sir WILLIAM HUNTER, in the House of Commons, moved to expunge the resolution of June, 1880, forbidding CHARLES BRADLAUGH to take the oaths. The Solicitor-General opposed the motion as subversive of the traditions of the House, and urged that a historical record should not be so effaced. But Mr. GLADSTONE supported the motion, asserting that it was an excess of jurisdiction in an assembly holding almost immeasurable power without appeal. Excess of jurisdiction was the greatest fault such an assembly could commit, leaving on record an error which might be turned to evil account in evil times. The House cheered him as he said that to see that the House did not trespass over the limit of its functions was one of the highest and most sacred duties.

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, First Lord of the Treasury, and leader of the House, expressed his sympathy with Mr. BRADLAUGH, who lay seriously ill, and amid hearty cheers the Tory House expunged the resolution against the noted Radical. Mr. GLADSTONE's remarks are as appropriate to a party as to the House of Commons. It is an earnest exhortation against the excess of party spirit.

OF INTENTIONAL MISREPRESENTATIONS.

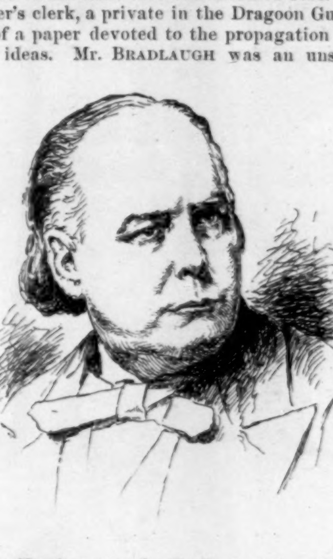
THE Boston *Journal* points out that in a recent article in the WEEKLY upon the free coinage of silver the impression is conveyed and intended that it was a Republican measure. The *Journal* states that there is not a word in the article which indicates that a single Democratic Senator voted for free coinage. This is true, and it was certainly a careless omission. But we do not think that the meaning of the article was liable to misapprehension. The article appeared after the party character of the vote was fully known, and in stating that its political character was not to be avoided, the plain meaning was that a Republican Congress would be held responsible for a measure which could not be adopted except by Republican votes.

We said "if a Republican Congress should send such a law to a Republican President, and he should approve it, the political party which has been supposed to be trustworthy upon the financial question would abdicate its trust. If the Republican President should veto it, he would withstand his party [which would have passed the bill, being the responsible majority], and another of its titles to national confidence would disappear." The implication that the Democratic party was untrustworthy upon the subject was evident, although the statement of the comparative vote was heedlessly omitted. But the *Journal* will hardly deny that the Republican majority is responsible for the legislation of a Congress which it controls. And, upon reflection, we do not believe that it will still allege that the WEEKLY intended to misrepresent a vote which was perfectly well known.

PERSONAL.

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHANLER is the author of a national scheme for giving worthy art students of either sex a term of foreign study. It comprises the formation of institutions of art in each American city of importance, with the raising of a fund in every city, the income of which shall be sufficient to pay the expenses of five years abroad for a student who has been chosen by a local jury of artists to represent his or her city. The New York institution would thus consist of the art societies of the city, whose presidents would form the jury. It is said that $25,000 has already been subscribed in this city by Mr. CHANLER and his friends for a local test of the plan, which also contemplates a national assembly, with national exhibitions in which students of any nationality may compete for prizes.

—CHARLES BRADLAUGH, member of Parliament for Northampton, died in London on the 30th of January, after a long illness. His death ends one of the most turbulent and notable careers of recent times. He was of very humble origin, and was born in the East End of London in 1833. He was a coal-dealer's clerk, a private in the Dragoon Guards, and an editor of a paper devoted to the propagation of "free-thinking" ideas. Mr. BRADLAUGH was an unsuccessful candidate in Northampton for Parliament three times. On his fourth attempt he won. But he had to be elected three more times before he was permitted to take his seat. He refused to take the oath required by law, as he did not believe in a God. In 1885, having been again elected, he was allowed to sit. The other day Parliament expunged from the records the resolution of 1880 by which BRADLAUGH was shut out.



—The grave of AUDUBON, the great ornithologist, who was buried in Trinity Cemetery, New York, in 1851, is unmarked, but a committee has now been appointed by the New York Academy of Sciences to raise $10,000 for the erection of a suitable monument. A number of prominent men have contributed $100 apiece, and it is hoped that the full sum will be obtained and the monument placed over the grave by next October.

—Dr. C. A. EASTMAN, a Sioux Indian, who has done noble work among his people during the recent troubled times at Pine Ridge Agency, is a graduate of the Boston homœopathic school of medicine, connected with Boston University.

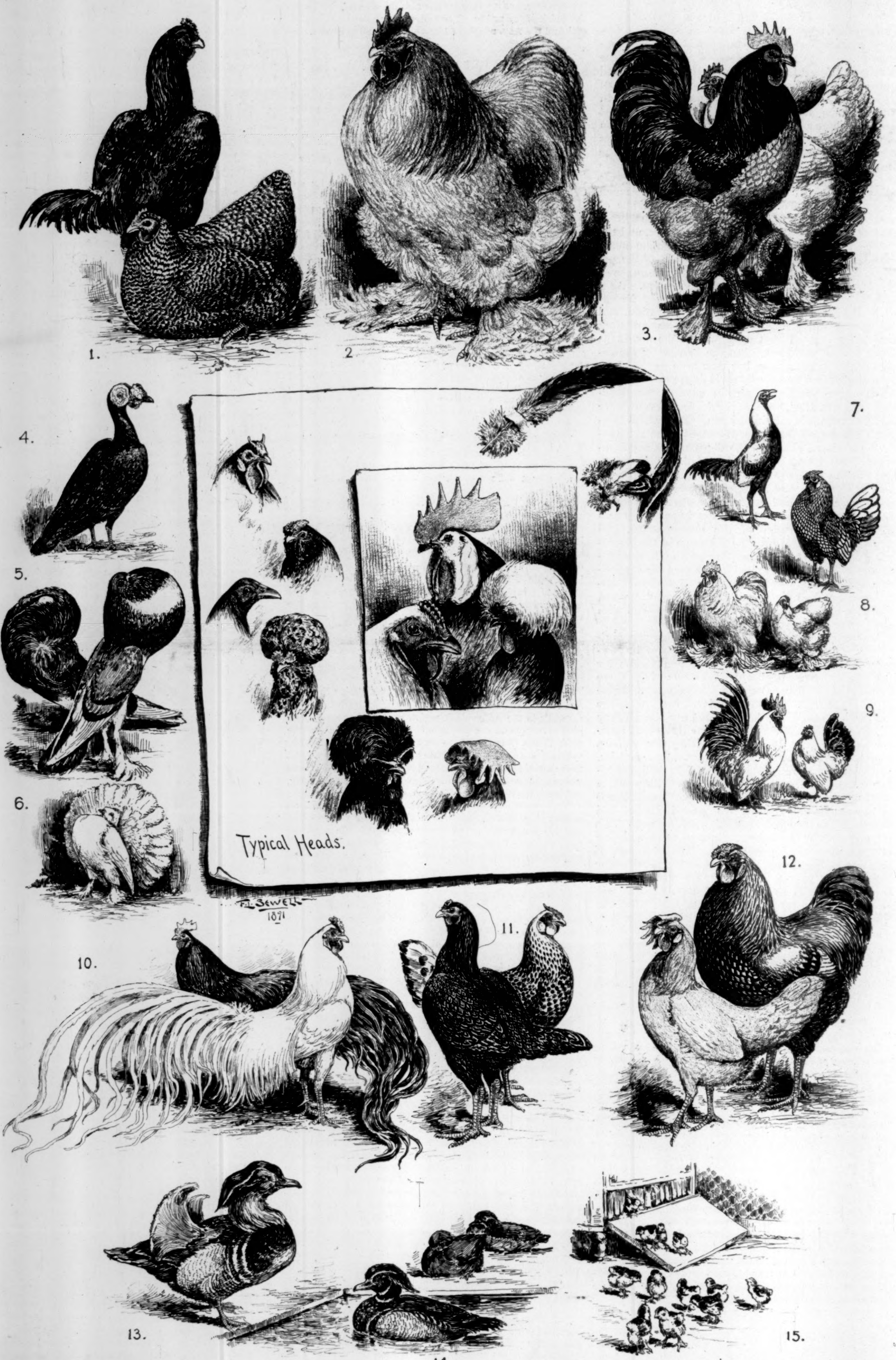
—Dr. THOMAS BOWMAN, of St. Louis, senior Bishop of the Methodist Church, has spent over fifty years in church work. He is seventy-four years old, but in splendid health.

—Herr KRUPP, owner of the great gun factories, has an estimated income of 6,000,000 marks ($1,500,000), and is called the richest man in Prussia. Baron ROTHSCHILD comes next.

—The little two-storied house at Asolo, Italy, where ROBERT BROWNING and his sister lived when the poet's last book, *Asolando*, was written, has been marked with a white marble slab bearing a suitable inscription.

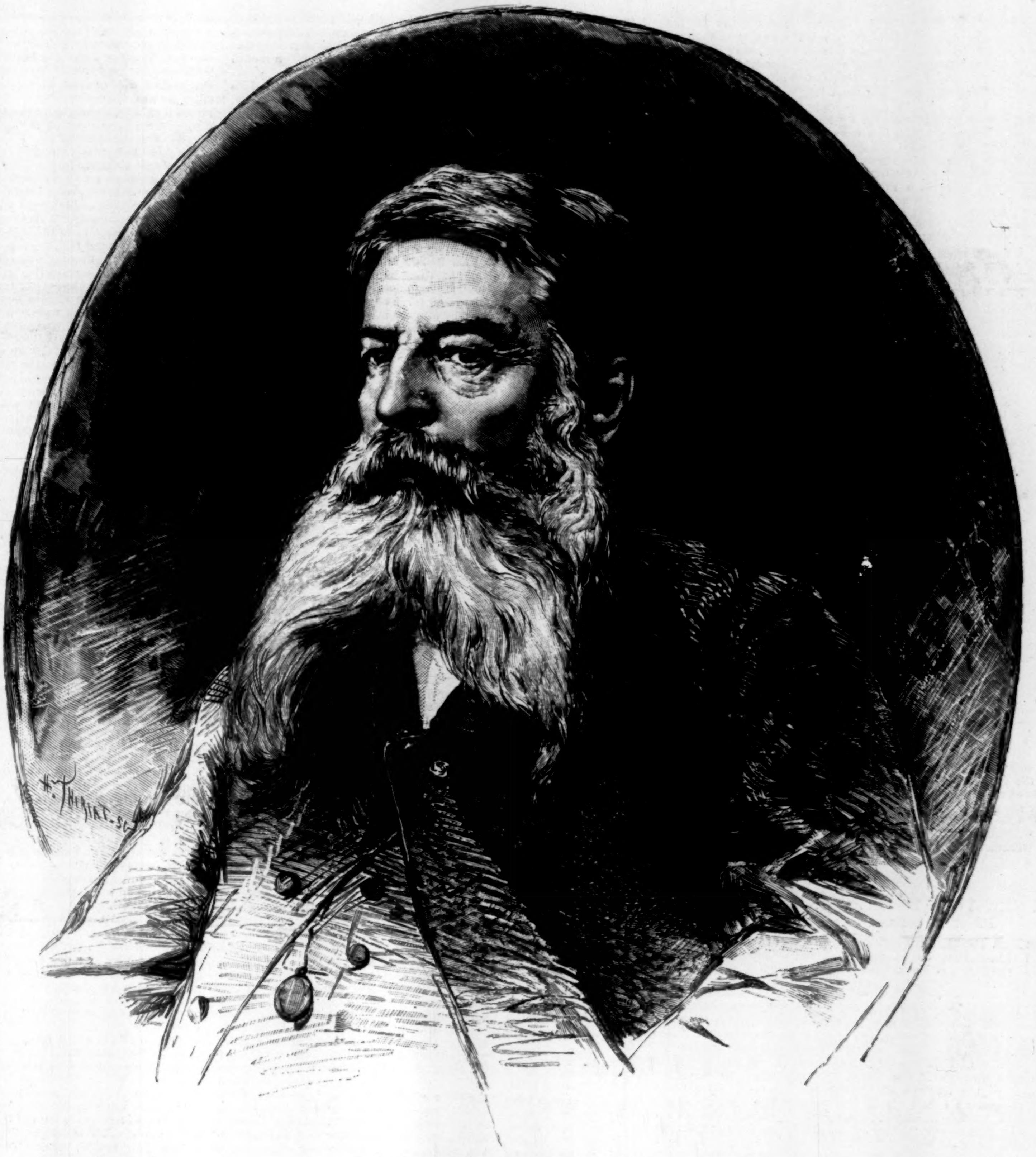
—The Massachusetts Historical Society has just celebrated its centennial. Addresses were made on the occasion by the President, Rev. Dr. GEORGE E. ELLIS, Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, and Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON, while the assemblage was remarkable for the number of distinguished men and women who were present.

UofM


1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
Typical Heads.
F.L. SEWELL
1891
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.

THE POULTRY SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by Franklane L. Sewell.—[See Page 102.]

1. Indian Game and Plymouth Rock. 2. Buff Cochin. 3. Blue and White Langshan. 4. Old English Carrier. 5. Pouter and Jacobin. 6. Fantail. 7. Duck-wing Game and Sebright Bantam. 8. Pekin Bantams. 9. Japanese Bantams. 10. Yokohamas. 11. Indian Game and Spangled Hamburg. 12. Buff Leghorn and Wyandotte. 13. Mandarin Drake. 14. Wood Drake. 15. Artificial Brooder with Chicks.


H. Thiriat. Sc.

JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER.

MASTER OF THE MINUTE.

A NAME has passed from the actuality into the history of art that will hold a proud place on its pages forever. Time cannot stale the prodigious talent of Meissonier, greatest of all the painters of *genre* of the day. There are fashions in art, but they are the fashions of the ideal rather than the real; and work of artistically actual quality, like that of Meissonier and the Dutch masters of the minute, from whom he had his artistic birth, will hold high repute, and claim forever the admiration of the broad-minded lovers of art.

In the greater scope of his compositions, in the dignity reached by his historical *genres*, Meissonier surpassed those men with whom he has so often been compared; surpassed Terburg, the younger Teniers, Dow, and Metzu. Of these, the first alone excelled him in the beauty of his interiors, with their broad sweeps of light and shade, and the brilliancy of his figures in light, half-light, and shade.

No one of these painters could surpass Meissonier in the painting of sunlight, of such sunlight, for instance, as envelops the minute figures and the Vauban fortress in his "Bowl Players at the Antibes," now in the Seney collection, and no one of them ever painted such intense action as is to be found in the figures in the celebrated "The Brawl," of which is told the familiar and improbable story that one of the models died from the effects of the strain in posing.

And those brilliant Dutchmen never attempted, though Teniers came very near it, such brilliant pages of grouping and composition, with their hundreds of figures, as the "Friedland—1807," which Judge Hilton transferred from the A. T. Stewart collection to the Metropolitan Museum, or the "1814," for which M. Chauchard, the present owner of the much-advertised "Angelus," is said to have paid its long-time owner, M. Delahante, the enormous sum of $170,000.

For science of composition, for brilliancy and breadth of painting in the field of the minute in art, which was his chosen ground, the French master was only approached by Adolph Menzel, the German, whom he surpasses in his coloring, which is always marked by sobriety in its general effects, however brilliant it may be in parts.

The amount of money which is represented by the, in round numbers, five hundred panels, canvases, and water-colors which form the life work of Meissonier is equalled in the productions of no modern master, and also in the sum paid for a single work has he surpassed them all.

In popular if not in artistic reputation—for there are many young students fresh from Paris who sneer at his work as simply that of a skilful craftsman, and older men whose opinion is not much higher—Meissonier stood at the head of the French painters of the day. To discuss his exact standing in the art world would be useless. Suffice to say, that in all he has done his appeal is to the intellect and not to the heart. The peculiarity of his position was such that, brilliant as he was, he had but four actual pupils—Détaille, who soon won for himself a brilliant individual reputation; Charles Meissonier, whose work is but a good reflection of his father's; Lucien Gros; and the American, D. Ridgeway Knight, whose studio adjoined that of the master at Poissy.

It is a pretty story that is told of the student days of Meissonier, who was born of poor parents at Lyons seventy-six years ago, and reached at eighteen the studio in Paris of his master, Léon Cogniet. There were five student friends—a sculptor, Dechaume, a draughtsman, Trimolet, Daubigny, Meissonier, and Steinheil, whose sister Meissonier afterward married. They resolved that one should work for fame, while the others made enough money to support him and themselves.

It was all very charming, a pretty and indeed noble little story of the enthusiasm of youth, but Mlle. Steinheil's good looks spoilt the arrangement, and while Daubigny struggled on his own way to fame, Meissonier began to gather in francs with considerable facility by illustrating books by drawings on wood. Collectors prize highly these early efforts, and the wood-cuts for which the master drew in later years, notably for the collection of verses of his friend the Comte de Chevigné, known as the *Contes Rémois*, are among the best book illustrations yet made. As an etcher Meissonier had a good reputation, and his plates figure in the best collections. It has been for years the general understanding that Meissonier rarely if ever painted women. True, there are comparatively few that are to be found in his life work, but they appear in some of his oil-paintings, and are quite common in his wood-cuts.

Amiability was said, notably in late years, not to be a prominent characteristic of the painter, and his pronounced hatred of the Germans, notably after the Franco-Prussian war, was combined with a not very deftly concealed dislike, it has been often stated, for the inhabitants of this country. The truth is that this strange dwarf-like old man, with his magnificent head set on a massive torso borne on little short legs, had queer likes and dislikes. He was French to the core, and chafed under the fact, no matter what the influence on his pocket, that such a great number of his works had crossed the sea to this country, never in all likelihood to return. No complete exhibition of the works of the master could be held without a number of those that are owned here. In America, for instance, are probably about eighty of his works, including, besides "1807" and "Les Deux Van de Velde," at the Metropolitan Museum, "Information—General Desaix and the Captured Peasant," "The Arrival at the Château," and "The Ordinance," in the W. H. Vanderbilt gallery; "The Game Lost," "Le Pigeon," another card party scene, the famous "Chess Players," of the Belmont gallery; and "In the Library."

It was in 1836 that Meissonier created a mild little sensation at the Paris Salon by his first exhibit there, a modest little work called "The Little Messenger." The rise from that to "1807," "1814," and the "1806"—which he showed at the opening display last year of the new Salon Nationale, in whose establishment he was a leader—was great even for fifty-five years.

In England, in Russia, and in Germany, as well as in this country, the works of the dead artist hold a prominent place in public and private collections, and when the Germans were quartered in the painter's country home during the war of 1870–1, they religiously guarded from harm all his possessions. Meissonier made the Italian campaign with Napoleon III., but the sole result of any importance was the "Napoleon III. at Solferino," now hung in the Luxembourg.

To have one's portrait painted by Meissonier was a privilege which few were able to afford of late years, and it is a question if those few were pleased with the results. In his portraits, notably of Americans—though perhaps he was innocent of any intention—Meissonier painted with a fidelity which, by its very insistence, amounted almost to exaggeration. This is to be noted in his portrait of the late W. H. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Mackay, after being forced by the French courts to take a portrait of herself that she was not satisfied with, revenged herself, it was stated, to the artist's disgust, by destroying it. Among those who have been painted by the master are Mr. Probasco, of Cincinnati; United States Senator Leland Stanford, of California; M. Delahante, the original owner of "1814"; and Alexandre Dumas.

It is not likely that the influence of M. Meissonier, notwithstanding his powerful grasp on the politics of art, will be great from the artistic side on this or the coming generation of French and other foreign or American painters. There is in this country a little group headed by Mr. Louis Moeller, an exceptionally able man, who has painted some things Meissonier would not have been ashamed of, and in France there are, I may say, fewer strong disciples still. In the school of Meissonier there is little or nothing to do beyond what the master has himself accomplished; and in these days of plein-airists and impressionists, the latter with their artistic kaleidoscope effects, the whole tendency of art is toward the negation of detail and the glorification of mass in light and shadow.

The master, whose brush, if not quite as vigorous to trained eyes as perhaps a few years ago, was still the faithful servant of his will, had reached in his nearly fourscore years the summit of all his ambition. He did not die such a very rich man as people might expect from the great prices brought by his works. The dealers and the collectors have made a great deal of that money, and will make more, now that the life work is over, than they have done before. And the reason why the painter was not wealthy was that he spared no expense to obtain the best models for his pictures, even, it is said, supporting at one time a couple of companies of cavalry, detailed to him for the purpose by the government, in order to study their evolutions.

THE NEW YORK POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW.

THE New York Poultry and Pigeon Association (Limited) opens its second annual show at the Madison Square Garden building on the 5th of February. It is the hope of this association to widen the public interest felt in this country in poultry and pigeon breeding, and they expect this year's show, with over 3000 entries, will outdo anything seen of its kind in the United States, and perhaps rival the London Crystal Palace show, so famous throughout the world. As an evidence of the increase of interest may be mentioned as exhibitors in this year's show Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Miss Iselin, and other well-known "ladies of fashion" who have become "fanciers." The officers of the association are Mr. Robert Colgate, of New York, president; Mr. George Purdue, treasurer, of East Orange, New Jersey; and Mr. T. Farrer Rackem, secretary and superintendent, also of East Orange. As a rule, the general public are inclined to look upon chickens, ducks, geese, and pigeons as lacking in interest and scientific or economic value. Gradually, however, a different view is being taken, and an enormous increase of attention is surely fastening itself upon our feathered domestic friends. Not only are the farmer, breeder, and fanciers doing their utmost to further their interests in this direction, but there is a sure progress toward the evolution of what may be aptly called the "amateur" breeder. Inter-urban life close beside our great cities has so largely increased of late years—and is still growing every day—that opportunity to cultivate a closer acquaintance and friendship with all the domestic animals has become to an army of people a part of their daily existence. Horses and dogs, because of their superior intelligence and general utility, have naturally taken the lead; but a stock farm or a dog-kennel, no matter upon how small a scale, takes quite a capital to establish, and entails the employment of skilled and consequently of expensive help, while the breeding of poultry and pigeons can be undertaken upon a much smaller outlay, and needs no skilled labor to assist the "amateur" breeder. Of course the breeding of chickens is from the purely commercial stand-point the most interesting. The pressure of nineteenth-century civilization and its attendant luxuries bring about a great many strivings after domestic economy. How to make both ends meet is the burning question of the hour with the great majority. So the ladies of the household take to china-painting or more serious art work, cultivate their musical talents, when they have any; and for those housewives who are not gifted or fitted by nature in these directions, many of them, residing in rural districts, have taken to the breeding of chickens, either for table use or as layers, and have found in it an easy, interesting, and profitable occupation.

Although the innumerable varieties of chickens all descended from the common *Gallus bankivus*, there are at best some five distinct breeds that are likely to pay the purely commercial breeder in this country. These are the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte (both purely American birds), the Indian Game, and the Mediterranean varieties. The first three are purely for table use, and under the last class we find the Minorcas, Leghorns, Andalusians, and the White-faced Black Spanish. The last-mentioned bird has an iridescent, closely packed black plumage, a splendid carriage, and a white enamel or covering of kid-like flesh on his face, in the cock bird often as large as the palm of your hand. All these Mediterranean fowls are most prolific layers, and the Black Spanish—who come from lower Spain—are famous for laying a very large white egg. Another good laying variety is the White-crested Black Polish, which, on account of their picturesque white topknot and jet black body feathers, make a very showy bird in the poultry-yard and show-room. The great bird of the show-room is, of course, the Buff Cochin. A good old cock bird will often weigh sixteen pounds, and his feathers stand out from his body six or eight inches. There are a number of varieties of this purely Asiatic breed, all descended from the famous long-legged Shang-Haï, who, it has often been stated, could easily eat off of the top of a barrel. The Indian Game is the bird that of late years has swept all before him as the bird *par excellence* for table use. Originally this bird came from the good old market-town of Dorking, Surrey, England, and is often called the Dorking. It is a handsome, stately bird of rich plumage, and as a table fowl has a fine, thin, and delicate skin, splendid breast development, and, above all, that which is of such prime importance to our provision dealers, fine yellow legs. The little folks will, as usual, take special delight in the Lilliputians of chickendom—the Bantams. The Black-tailed White Bantams, the Sebrights (upon whose development Sir John Sebright spent twenty-five of the best years of his life, and then gave the breed his name), the Game Bantams, Pekins, Hamburgs, Japanese, etc., are all reproductions of the larger varieties on a small scale.

In the classes of purely show birds of great interest are the dark and light Brahmas, Red Pyle and Silver Duck-wing Games, Black-breasted Games, the old English Pit Game, and the Japanese long-tailed breeds, generally known as the Shinotawaro, or Phœnix, and the Yokohama Games. These birds are remarkable for the length of their tail feathers, which trail on the ground, and often measure two to three feet when a year old. One of the features of the chicken exhibit in this year's poultry show will be a series of breeding yards, each about 6 by 8 feet, in each of which will be shown four hens and a cock bird, the idea being to convey to the public the general principles upon which the birds should be mated, the points that tell in the make of the birds, so that their progeny may reproduce all their best traits.

Of the various breeds of pigeons a book could be written. The wild pigeon is, of course, the progenitor of all these varieties. European and Oriental countries have elaborated upon this wild pigeon most wonderfully and beautifully. The American fancier is just beginning to appreciate the possibilities of pigeon-breeding. The best-known varieties to the American public are the Jacobins, with their Elizabethan ruff; the various breeds of those comical birds the Tumblers; the Owls, a delicate frill of feathers ornamenting their throats; the Fantail, in white, blue, black, and yellow — the last a very rare color; Turbots; then the Shaker Fantail, who oscillates his head and throat about as if he were palsied; the Barbs, black and white, with their short, thick-set bodies, broad heads, huge wattles, and extraordinarily short bills, curving like a hawk's; in strong contrast to the Barbs the English Carrier, powerful of frame, a long thin neck, narrow head, huge wattles covering their perfectly straight bills and almost closing their eyes; then that most pompous and useless of pigeons, the Pouter, so named because of his ability to inflate his crop and supposedly show his displeasure. Some of these birds measure from point of bill to tip of tail nineteen inches. Take one in your hand, put the bill in your mouth and blow, and his crop will puff out like a balloon.

Most of these "fancy" varieties are very poor "fliers," and that brings us to that king of pigeons the Homing Pigeon. It is to be regretted that the famous long-distance Homing Pigeons will not be seen in this show, the reason being that the fanciers mate their birds in December, so as to hatch out the young birds as early in January as possible, and thus give the youngsters all the time they can to gain strength and vitality, and thus be ready to compete successfully in the long-distance trials for young birds held every fall. The average speed of the "Homer" is about a mile a minute—243 miles in 232 minutes being the best on record. The average flight for twenty-four hours of these Homing Pigeons is over 500 miles. Montgomery flew 1051 miles, but took thirty odd days to get home; naturally much of this time he was lost somewhere, delayed by storms or head-winds, and may have actually flown twice that distance, but he was never heard of from the hour he was liberated until he returned to the home loft a month afterward.

The Homing Pigeon is the one kind of his race that has a distinctly utilitarian existence. During the Franco-Prussian war they were the only means of communication Paris had with the outside world when all the ingenuity of man had failed. Since that period the French and German war departments have established extensive government lofts for the breeding and training of these truly remarkable birds. A proposition has also recently been made to supply our outgoing European steamers with trained Homing Pigeons, to be used at a distance of not exceeding 500 to 800 miles from New York; so, should anything happen within this distance, almost instantaneous word could be brought to land; so far, however, the matter has not taken definite shape. In build the "Homer" somewhat resembles the English Carrier, but has not such heavy wattles, and a much smaller and more curved bill; he is not so long in the body, and is much broader across the back. The eye is particularly large and brilliant, and the bird has an alertness of manner and intelligence of look that is wanting in other varieties. In color they are a light blue, with two heavy black bars across each wing, the throat and breast being of an iridescent blue and green mixed. There is also the black, blue-checker, red-checker, red, silver, and white. The interest in these birds in this country is very great, and the annual races excite much attention, valuable prizes being offered for competition, the Homing Pigeon Association also holding a show of its own every year. The bird was originally developed in Antwerp, and from thence imported into this country. Our fancies here have, however, outstripped their European rivals in the matter of speed and endurance, as our American-bred birds have demolished all foreign records for long-distance flying.

All birds of owners belonging to the Homing Pigeon Association are duly registered, and wear on one leg a small metal band with the bird's number stamped on it. Occasionally also the wing feathers are similarly stamped. Last year no less than thirty thousand of these metal bands were issued by the association. The birds undergo a regular course of training for their races, and when in this condition the tremendous bone power of wings and body is remarkable. They are the most pugnacious of pigeons, and would rather "fight than eat." A blow from a "Homer's" wing would stun the ordinary pigeon.

Extensive preparations have been made to arrange the arena of the Garden building in the most attractive manner. At the Madison Avenue entrance two elevated ponds surrounded by plants have been constructed, and in these will be shown different varieties of ducks, geese, etc. In the centre will be a miniature lake, with several pairs of stately white swans floating upon its surface; and over this lake has been erected a "corn palace," the pillars of which will be sheathed with dried corn husks, the yellow sheaf pulled back to show the golden red kernel; the roof, too, is to be tiled with "corn-cobs." Altogether every means has been taken to render the Poultry and Pigeon Show a popular success. There will be music every day, and the price of admission has been wisely fixed at fifty cents, with no reserved seats except in the boxes. The exhibition should receive the hearty support of New York's best people, and prove an instructive object-lesson to the whole community. My thanks are due for information received to Mr. D. E. Newell, Mr. Joseph R. Husson, and to Mr. Franklane L. Sewell, the artist.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

KING GARBAGE.

THERE are many royalties who domineer in the world of fact. This one is "a king of shreds and patches," without any of the dignity and sentiment of "Hamlet's father." He reigns over the domain of squalor and filth; of wretchedness, physical and moral; over the region of liquor dens and tenement houses; from river to river his power is found; and even wealth, which is supposed to control all things, cannot always prevent the foul odors which herald his presence from offending the delicate nostrils of the aristocrat. But let us descend from metaphor to fact. Technically garbage is only one form of the uncleanliness of cities, but we may allow it to stand by a familiar figure of speech for the whole. Dirt, which has been properly defined as "matter out of place," reigns everywhere in public places, except when the citizen, disgusted with the municipal failure to keep the highways reasonably clean, puts his hand in his pocket and remedies the evil. All of which shows the result is not an impossible one, but easily within the reach of intelligent effort. There never has been a time within the fruitful memory of bad government in the city of New York when the condition of the streets was worse than it is to-day. This is partly owing to the season. The epoch of snow and ice adds a fresh burden to the duties of street-cleaning. Nature, which is beneficent and malevolent by turns, now helps, now hampers the work. The fierce downpour of a summer tempest sometimes saves the Street Commissioner half his work by washing thousands of tons of dirt into the sewers. Again, a winter storm torments the official soul by doubling his responsibility. But winter or summer, spring or fall, King Garbage reigns with more or less tyranny over the unfortunate public, who in New York, and in other cities no less, if we can trust the constantly recurring plaint, sit helplessly but not always meekly under the sway of the Solons who administer public affairs.

One need not survey the streets with any hypercritical glance to fully realize their condition. Without going to such thoroughfares as Water Street, West Street, Mulberry Street, or the various highways where great pressure of business or the abnormally filthy and reckless character of the inhabitants exaggerates the general fact, the aspect of comparatively decent thoroughfares is full of eloquence. At the time of this writing, four days after a not heavy snow-storm, quantities of snow are still to be seen in many streets, and the smut, filth, and nastiness which befoul the pavement are excessive. Making allowance for the unusual obstacles to street-cleaning work on the first day on account of the tangle of electric wires, the present time may be considered as a typical illustration of municipal neglect and inefficiency. It is not necessary to assume that the fault lies in the official who now or at any time occupies the seat of Street-cleaning Commissioner. A contract system, rigidly administered and wisely ordered, might bring us well-cleaned streets in its train. On the other hand, the city, by owning all its own plant and insuring the perfection of this apparatus, might easily accomplish the work directly, without dealing with contractors. As it is, the system is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and mixes the worst elements of both plans. The contractors are comparatively irresponsible, and have no profitable object in providing an efficient plant to perform their functions with, and the city, only doing a part of the work directly, cannot enforce any keen supervision over the affairs of the department which leads to the best results.

The spectacle of the current ash cart is a woful sight to the lover of good order. Ramshackle, uncovered, wide gaping in its seams in many cases, it is a good illustration of how not to do it. As the rude vehicle lumbers along it scatters ashes and refuse with lavish generosity, and adds to the work of the street-cleaning machines and hand-sweepers. When we add to this the recklessness with which all classes of population dispose of their refuse and litter by dumping the unsightly and unsavory material into the public highways, the question becomes vastly more complicated. One need not go to Mulberry Street, where human pigs do congregate in closely packed tenements, nor to West Street, where innumerable provision shops, wholesale and retail, empty their superfluous stuff into the highway: the writer has more than once passed the palatial store of a great Broadway merchant early in the morning and seen the merry porters sweeping the accumulated litter of a day's business into the street, to be gathered up again at public expense. There is scarcely a small manufacturer in the city who does not impose on the city the work of gathering up his waste and refuse. No one, either policeman or private citizen, thinks it worth while to make complaint. Without attempting to enter into the causes in this brief sketch which make the greatest of American cities so foul, it is lamentably true that our artist in symbolizing garbage as king has not strained his facts. His cartoon represents the ill-omened fact in royal guise. A bursting ash barrel with the staves flying apart represents the likeness of a crown. The bloated and beastly face adequately suggests the intimate connection of foul and stinking thoroughfares with the domain of another allied potentate, King Alcohol. One hand of the monster holds a horse and cart, the other an ash can, and all of the accessories of the picture represent graphically one of the greatest evils with which municipal government has to contend—a battle, however, which is fought with imbecility, not with wisdom, with the feebleness of the dwarf, not with the vigor of the giant. It is to be hoped that the order of Mayor Grant, which has brought to the assistance of the Street-cleaning Department a board of advisers selected from prominent citizens and men of experience and administrative capacity, as well as of special knowledge of the problem to be dealt with, may be the beginning of a new régime. At all events, it looks like the first step toward taking the department out of politics, which is a big stride in the direction of reform and the dethronement of King Garbage.

THE FIRE-BOAT "NEW-YORKER."

IN a great city, with its miles of wharves, docks, and piers on North and East rivers, with its shipping, its rapidly increasing warehouse system, how to protect the extended New York water-frontage from fire requires nothing short of the solution of a strategic problem. There is no limit to the mechanical force, but the element water, to quench fire with, under certain circumstances is restricted. But with rivers near at hand, in closest proximity to property, whether fixed, as in buildings, or mobile, as in shipping, the question of the water supply no longer exists. Put out fires nearest to the rivers, or streams, or estuaries, then, with water derived from these natural sources. How this can be best done is shown in the construction of the boat, the *New-Yorker*, to be considered the final development of the most efficient New York Fire Department.

The ideal fire-boat, a term quite in opposition to the old rendering of the compound words, is one combining many qualities. She must be speedy, for a slow boat five minutes too late at a fire would be of no use at all. To celerity of movement in all directions she must not draw too much water. Then again, in a mechanical sense, she must have powers of resistance. She is not to be ready now and then, according to schedule hours of sailing, but must be kept in a constant state of efficiency. As long as she is in service the boat must keep stored her quota of power, and be prepared quite as quickly as a land steam fire-engine to leave her moorings, and start off at full speed for her work. Suggesting to Captain Isaac Fisher, the officer in charge of the *New-Yorker*, the possibility of slipping hawsers, as horses are harnessed to the fire-engines, by electricity, the captain said, "We shall be always prepared in less than thirty seconds to unmoor and be going at our best gait to a fire." There is another contingency where the *New-Yorker* will enact a somewhat amphibian part. Her efficiency does not belong exclusively to a land area bounded within 400 or 500 feet of her place of action. Moored at Castle Garden, say there was a fire at the Washington Building, or as high up Broadway as Wall Street, and the Croton should fail, while there was any water off the Battery this fire-boat could force water enough for a distance within a mile to extinguish a conflagration. The efficiency of fire-boats in this way has already been demonstrated.

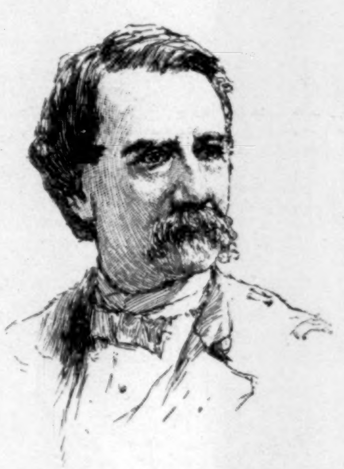
The *New-Yorker* is a steel-built propeller, of 121.69 tonnage. She is 126 feet long, 26 feet beam, and draws 11½ feet. She has a capacity of boilers sufficient to give her 800 horse-power. Moved by the Konstadter screw and swivel, the novel feature about this is the facility with which she can be steered. She must revolve on her centre, as if she were pivotal, and she does. To throw water she has eight pumps, two of them of the La France make, the other two built in accordance with the Clapp and Jones system. To deliver the water from forward, from her middle, and from astern, for she is water armed from cap-à-pie, she has not less than forty-two deliverers, not counting her four water towers. The diameters of these various deliveries vary from 3¼ to 7 inches. It would seem a simple question to answer how a vessel of this kind, built to throw water on all sides, is to receive her water. When accomplishing her best, by exact calculation she will throw 13,000 gallons of water a minute, not counting her water towers, which would send forth 3500 gallons more. Think of over 57 tons of water to be hurled out of nozzles every minute, and at a speed of 186 feet per second. It can at once be understood that although the river supply is inexhaustible, to take it from one or two orifices would require, through friction, an enormous power, and, therefore, much loss of force. It would be a case of misapplied energy. One of the most interesting points in this boat is her method of receiving the water supply. She carries constantly all the water she uses, even when expending it in the most lavish manner. The *New-Yorker* has a double skin, the outside one perforated with an infinite number of small holes. There comes in here a very pretty calculation as to the number and diameter of these holes. Taking them altogether as to areas, they are just three times larger than the areas of the main supplies to the eight pumps. No matter, for that torrent of 114,000 pounds of water tearing out every minute there are always in reserve 114 tons of solid water, and it comes into the main reservoir in a natural manner, without friction, break, or want of continuity. All around the inside of the boat is a ten-inch copper tube, which receives its water from the pumps. This tube is so arranged that the water may be delivered to any one or to the whole of the outlets.

In nozzles there is no end of ingenuity, for the single-delivery ones can be converted into what are known as Siamese in a twinkling. The perfectly educated fireman is as enthusiastic about the nozzles he uses as would be a violinist in regard to his fiddle-bows. He has known through experience the value of all these contrivances. There was once a limit as to delivery of water, quantity being considered, and hose, but to-day the Fire Department, through careful study and practice, have surmounted all material difficulties. The one thing, the overcoming of the friction of water, which retards it, is the great problem, and that, with gravitation, will ever remain our masters.

For such a contingency as an isolated ship on fire, where water is to be tumbled into her with little regard to force, and at short distance, a centrifugal pump will be used, and the quantity of water thus delivered would be so great as to not only extinguish the fire in the hold of a ship, but to sink her in a few minutes.

On both sides of the deck abaft are corrugated iron screens or blindages. Under the protection of these shields, which have slits for seeing through, and round apertures for nozzles to be worked in, the firemen could work right into a dock or close up to a ship's sides if they were ablaze.

If water towers are efficient on the land, they must be equally so on the water-front, where sometimes there are buildings but a few feet from the river-side. Carrying 75 tons of coal, steaming a full 13 knots an hour, with a complement of 24 men, including officers, the capabilities of every hand on the *New-Yorker* having been already tested, a new and strong element of public safety has been added to the efficiency of the New York Fire Department, and, as far as is known, for this special service, there has never been built heretofore any craft having the particular advantages of the *New-Yorker*.



HARVEY B. DODWORTH.

HARVEY B. DODWORTH.

Harvey B. Dodworth, who died on the 24th of January, earned for himself in a remarkable way a national reputation. When his father and his four sons—Allen, Harvey, Charles, and Jefferson—emigrated to this country from England in 1825, of military bands in the United States there were practically none. Thomas Dodworth, the father, saw the opportunity, and organized in 1827 the since famous "Dodworth Band." In those days—and, in fact, in our own time—the leader of a military band is a public personage, and has a genuine following of enthusiastic admirers. The subject of this sketch was born in Sheffield, England, in 1822, and came to this country when about three years old. He was attached, with all his brothers, to the band at a very early age, but soon became the recognized leader and director of the organization. In the fifty odd years of his career as band-master he had been connected with every separate military organization and regiment in and about New York city. Among the "old-timers" were the Baxter Blues, Tompkins Blues, City Blues, Light Guard, City Guard, and the survivor of all these, the present famous Old Guard.

In 1889 the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn decorated him with the fifty years' service stripe, an almost unknown distinction. During the war of the rebellion Mr. Dodworth was extraordinarily active on behalf of the government, furnishing it with over fifty band-masters and nearly five hundred musicians, all without any profit to himself. At the close of the war it was proposed to make him Band-master-in-Chief of the United States army. This rank, however, did not exist, but several of the New-York Congressional delegation offered to have it created as a reward for his unexampled services to the government. Mr. Dodworth, however, declined reluctantly to entertain the idea, as it would have destroyed the business he had labored so hard to establish. Mr. Dodworth also introduced park music into this city, his first efforts being at the City Hall at his own expense; afterward when music became a permanent institution in Central Park he was made band-master, and continued as such twenty-four years. From Dodworth's Band graduated many musicians of present prominence, such as Thomas, Cappa, Neyer, Rehm, band-master at West Point for twenty-four years, and D. L. Downing, etc. He also brought out Signor Liberati, the well-known cornetist, the Bents, etc., etc.

In old times the American bands consisted principally of bugles, and then for a while of "silver cornets." Mr. Dodworth revolutionized all this; introduced reed instruments, saxophones, bass clarinets, and circular double B basses. In the latter connection an excellent story may be told of Mr. Dodworth's experience with the late lamented Colonel "Jim" Fisk, formerly colonel commanding Ninth Regiment, N.G., S.N.Y. About two weeks before his sudden and untimely demise Colonel Fisk sent for Mr. Dodworth and announced his intention of reorganizing the Ninth Regiment band—one hundred pieces, and two rows of circular double B basses to head the band! In vain Mr. Dodworth protested they would overbalance the band. The colonel declared he did not give a —— whether any one blowed through them or not, but they should head his band! An imposing spectacle! Nothing like it in the world! Just what Colonel Fisk delighted in! Mr. Dodworth, seeing the colonel would take no denial, at once opened negotiations with Boosey to supply the instruments; but in the mean time there was a funeral, and subsequently a trial for murder. And thus New York and the Ninth Regiment lost an opportunity of owning the noisest military band on earth. If Fisk had lived he would have been a leader in musical circles. With his admiration for brass in the band, he might have developed into a Wagnerite of the most rabid type.

Dodworth's Band is indissolubly linked with all the great national occasions for the past fifty years, furnishing music for all the Presidential inaugurations within that period, the opening of the Erie Railroad, the celebration attendant on the completion of the Atlantic cable, Prince of Wales's visit, and the tour of the Japanese Embassy, Yorktown Centennial, etc., etc., etc.

Mr. Dodworth was also a prolific composer of band music, and arrangements also of all the popular operas of the day; his was also the first military band to render Wagner's music.

The past eight years Mr. Dodworth had been practically retired from public sight. Last summer he met with a bad fall, which resulted in paralysis of the left side; since the accident he had been an invalid, but had only taken to his bed a few weeks before his death. In appearance Mr. Dodworth was about the average size, rather thick set than otherwise, and of a remarkably modest and genial character. It was always a source of wonder to his intimates whence came his really great popularity; he never spoke of himself, nor of his affairs, nor in any way sought for meretricious notice; but he struck a popular vein, and it made his fame worldwide.

THE UNITED STATES SENATORS.

The contest for the Kansas Senatorship which has just been brought to a close has attracted national attention and interest to a remarkable degree. Several circumstances combined to render it more than ordinarily noteworthy. In the first place, Senator Ingalls is a man of marked individuality, and occupies an extraordinary position as President *pro tempore* of the Senate. In the second place, Kansas is the State in which the revolution wrought by the Farmers' Alliance is most conspicuous. Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all has been the apparent uncertainty whether the farmers, notwithstanding their clear majority over all in the Kansas Legislature, would be able to defeat Mr. Ingalls and elect their own candidate. Most extraordinary measures were adopted by the Alliance to insure the loyalty of their members. They were attended by a "body-guard" of Alliance men from the time they left their homes until Judge Peffer was finally elected, apparently for fear lest the representatives of "the money power" should get hold of them and influence their votes.

The new Senator comes of "Pennsylvania Dutch" stock, having been born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1831. He attended the common schools as a boy, and at the age of fifteen became a teacher. After four years of teaching he went to California to hunt for gold. He was more successful than the majority of the Argonauts, and in 1852 returned to Pennsylvania for a wife, and settled on a farm near Crawfordsville, Indiana. Here he lost the money he had made in California, and once more removed, this time to southwestern Missouri. When the war broke out, Mr. Peffer enlisted in the Eighty-third Illinois Volunteers, and served until June 26, 1865, mainly as quarter-master, adjutant, and judge advocate. From this last office he derived the title of Judge, by which he is familiarly known.

After the war closed, Mr. Peffer settled at Clarksville, Tennessee, and having studied law while in the army, began its practice. In 1870 he removed to Wilson County, Kansas, where he took up a claim, and tried farming again. Two years later he changed his residence to Fredonia, Kansas, where he established the weekly Fredonia *Journal*. Moving again, he set up the Coffeyville *Journal*, and lived in Coffeyville till 1880, serving meantime one term in the State Senate as a Republican. He served also as delegate to the National Republican Convention of 1880. That same year he removed to Topeka, and took charge of the *Kansas Farmer*, of which he afterward became the proprietor. When the Alliance movement began, he went into it heartily, and his paper was very influential in bringing about the success of the people's party last November.

The election of Mr. Peffer has been enthusiastically welcomed by Alliance men in all parts of the country, and has greatly encouraged them in their political action. It is one of the greatest purely political victories they have won, and will doubtless tend to strengthen the third-party movement in that body.

Senator Pierce, of North Dakota, may well conclude that republics are ungrateful. Only a few months ago he was elected the first Senator from the new State of North Dakota almost without opposition. Now he sees his term already expiring, and another man chosen to be his successor.

The new Senator, Henry C. Hansbrough, has had a varied and interesting career. Like so many of his colleagues in the Fifty-second Congress, he is a newspaper man, being at present the publisher of the Devil's Lake *Inter-Ocean*. Mr. Hansbrough was born at Prairie du Rocher, Randolph County, Illinois, January 30, 1848, and there attended the public school. In 1866, at the age of eighteen, he removed to California, and there learned the printer's trade. During the years 1869–70 he published a daily paper at San José. From San José he went to San Francisco, and was for a time news editor of the *Chronicle*. In 1879 he went to Chicago, and later to Wisconsin, where he published the Baraboo *Bulletin*. Three years later he moved again, settling finally at Devil's Lake, where he has since remained. He has been twice elected Mayor of the city, was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1888, and was chosen member of the National Republican Committee for North Dakota.

Mr. Hansbrough was one of the earliest and most persistent and prominent advocates of the division of Dakota and the admission of the northern part as a State, and it was largely due to his labors to this end that he was made the Republican nominee for Representative in the Fifty-first Congress. He was elected by a vote of 26,077, to 12,006 for Marrata, the Democratic nominee, and has served in this Congress to the apparent satisfaction of the people of his State.

Among the Senators re-elected this winter is John H. Mitchell, of Oregon. Mr. Mitchell has been in public life a long time, and has held many positions of public trust. He was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, June 22, 1835, and educated at the common school, by private tuition, and in the law school. He was admitted to the bar, and removing to California, practised law first in San Luis Obispo, and afterward in San Francisco. In 1860 he removed to Portland, Oregon, and became prominent in politics almost at once. In 1861 he was elected Corporation Attorney, and a year afterward to the State Senate, and served in that body four years, the last two as President of the Senate. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel in the State militia in 1865. In 1866 he was a candidate for United States Senator, and was defeated in the caucus by only one vote. From 1867 to 1871 Mr. Mitchell served as Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Willamette University at Salem. In 1872 he was chosen United States Senator, and served one term. Again a candidate for the same position in 1882, he was again defeated, after a long dead-lock, but was chosen in 1885 to succeed James H. Slater, Democrat, who had in 1879 succeeded him. Mr. Mitchell is considered an able man and a good politician, but he has not been especially prominent in the Senate either as an orator or a committee worker.

Senator Jones, of Arkansas, is one of the quieter and less conspicuous members on the Democratic side, except when anything comes up that concerns his own State. Then he is always on hand, ready to "deny the allegation and defy the allegator."

James K. Jones was born in Marshall County, Mississippi, September 29, 1839. He received a classical education, and soon after attaining his majority enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, and served during the war in that capacity. After peace was established he lived on his plantation until 1873, when he was chosen to the State Senate, and was a member of that body when the State Constitutional Convention was called. He was re-elected under the provisions of the new Constitution, and in 1877 became President of the Arkansas Senate. In 1880 he was elected a Representative in Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses. When the term of Senator James D. Walker expired in 1885, Mr. Jones, after a lively contest in caucus, was chosen as his successor. There was no special opposition to his re-election this year.

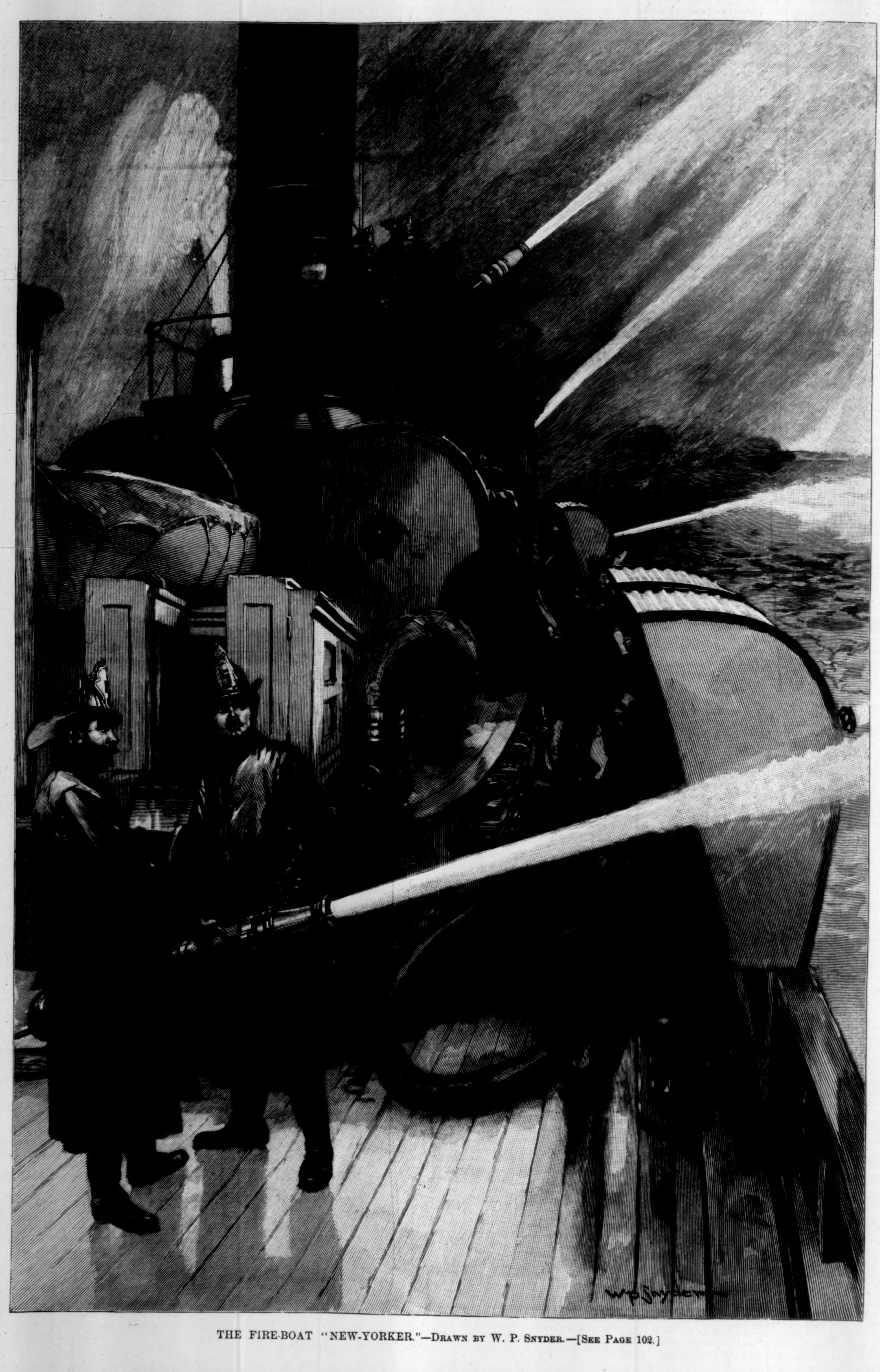
THE FLEET.

It was long ago that my dream ships sailed
  Day by day to that shadowy sea;
And I watched each one till my vision failed
  And the ships were lost in mystery.
Sometimes a rose-hued and billowy cloud
  Shut out my view ere the ship went far,
But often the darkness would seem to shroud
  The vessel before she crossed the bar.

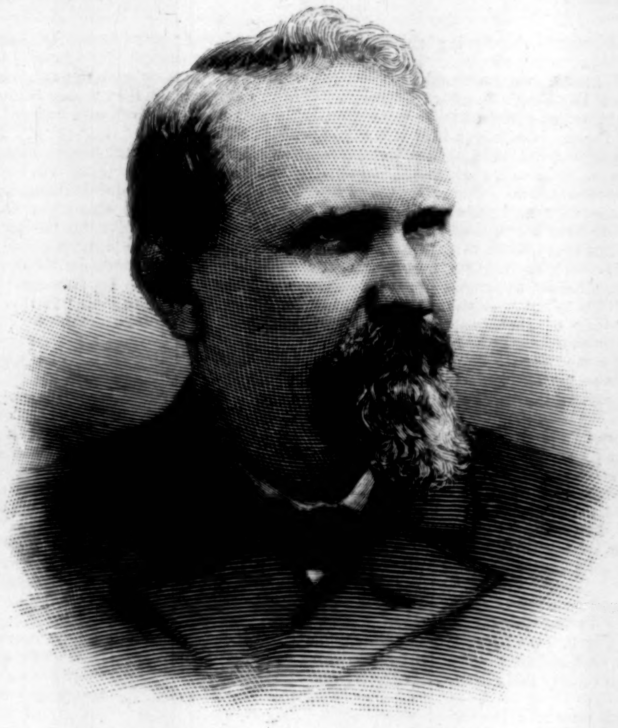
They sailed at the sunset, every one;
  They sailed away on the ebbing tide.
Sometimes a brave vessel went out alone,
  And again two sailed forth side by side.
I left them alone in the hands of Fate;
  Prayed she would make them reality;
And many a time did I watch and wait
  For my fleet to return from the sea.

Then my last ship sailed—for my dreams were done—
  And I grieved that my ships came not back.
But only last night at the set of sun
  I saw a mast o'er the wasteless track;
And the twilight mists gave away and made
  A pathway lit with the sunset's beam;
And a ship sailed in through the twilight shade,
  And brought back to me a youthful dream.

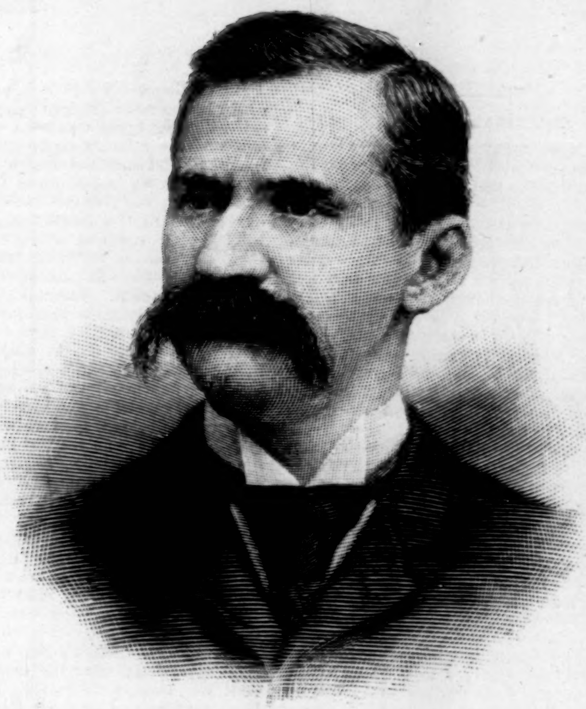
Flavel Scott Mines.



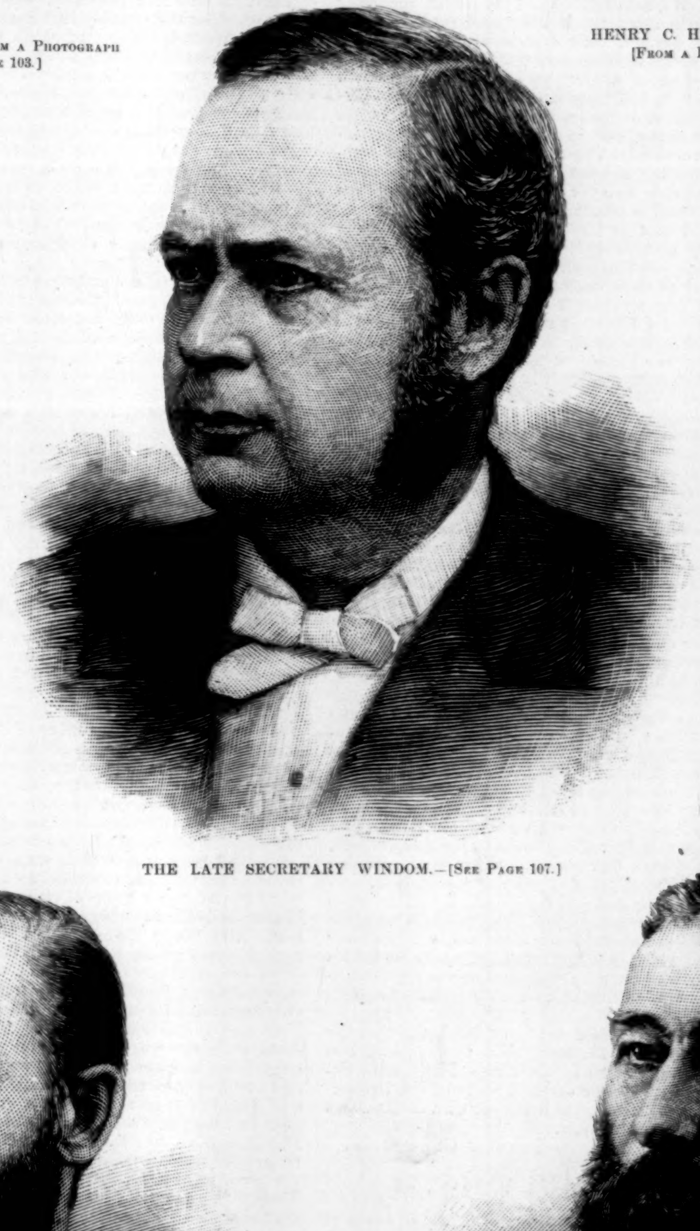
THE FIRE-BOAT "NEW-YORKER."—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 102.]



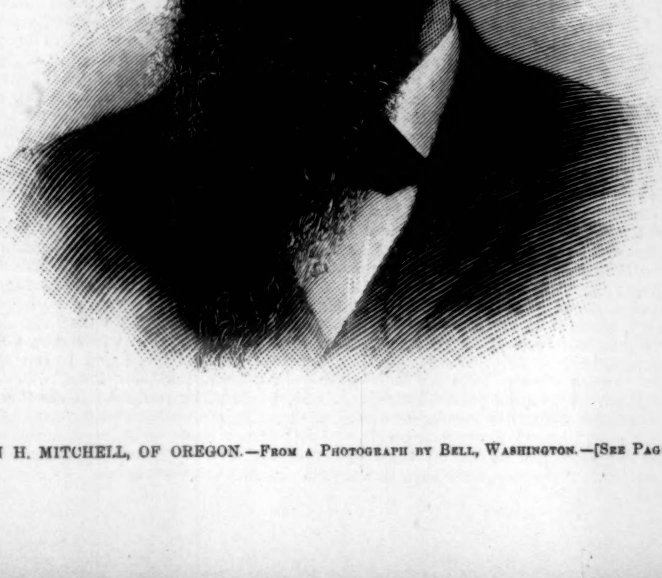
JAMES K. JONES, OF ARKANSAS.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 103.]



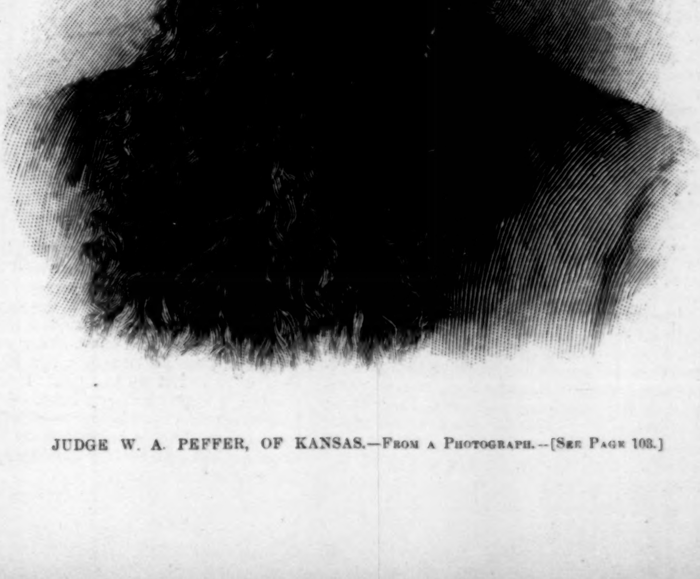
HENRY C. HANSBROUGH, OF NORTH DAKOTA
[From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.
[See Page 103.]



THE LATE SECRETARY WINDOM.—[See Page 107.]



JOHN H. MITCHELL, OF OREGON.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 103.]



JUDGE W. A. PEFFER, OF KANSAS.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 103.]

THE SIOUX REBELLION.

THE FINAL REVIEW.

THERE were many stirring and grandly picturesque scenes at Pine Ridge during the closing days of the late campaign against the ghost-dancing Sioux, but the one of most absorbing interest was the final review by General Miles of his 3500 soldiers, who had marched through sand-storms and blizzards in order to complete the cordon of bayonets that was to slowly drive the savages to unconditional surrender. The night before the review, haranguers, with little medicine bags tied about their strange garments, went through the villages of the hostile and sullen Brulés and the peaceable Ogallalas, telling their people of the military demonstration which was to take place in the morning.

When the sun came up, the ridges skirting the agency to the east and west were fringed with Indians, who looked like Arab sheiks in their white sheets and hooded heads. Not a squaw was to be seen among all these ghostly figures, so distinctly outlined against the horizon. Statuesque and haughty, the warriors stood watching the flying columns of cavalrymen and the explosive efforts of the cannoneers as they urged their animals into line. Down in the same valley, where the troops were hurriedly preparing for their manœuvres, but nearly a mile away to the north, were the great Indian villages, with the squaws corralling their thousands of ponies, as a precautionary measure against any possible hostile demonstration on the part of the army.

General Miles was not in uniform as he sat astride a big coal-black horse, which stood on the crest of a knoll on the right flank of the advancing column of soldiers. Even his three-starred epaulets, the only evidences of his rank, were beneath a great overcoat which was buttoned almost to his ears. Just as the column, with screaming trumpets, began to pass General Miles, a furious sand-storm swept through the valley. It cloaked the silent Indian villages in a yellow, swirling shroud, and then tearing along as though blown from a funnel, pierced the most compact lines of infantrymen who were marching with a swinging stride behind Colonel Shafter. From their perches on the summits of the snow-flecked buttes, the hooded warriors must have thought that the long line of men and horses below had stampeded, for that terrible torrent of sand completely cloaked the army to the vision of those who were above the phenomenal current of air.

There was no cheering during all the time the great column passed in review. Now and then General Miles's black hat went off to the flash of a saluting sabre held by a muffled figure that was crouching before the choking blast, but it was not until the Sixth Cavalry, with grim old General Carr at its head, passed in review that the idol of the Indian fighters showed the keen interest he was taking in the demonstration. Again and again his black sombrero fell as Carr's sword gleamed from his fur cap to his spurs. And when the black scowling faces of the Ninth Cavalry pressed in close lines behind glittering carbines held at a salute, General Miles waved his gloved hand to Colonel Henry, whose gaunt figure was almost lost in the folds of his buffalo overcoat. Three weeks before, these black troopers rode 100 miles without food or sleep to save the Seventh cavalrymen, who were slowly being crushed by the Sioux in the valley at the Catholic Mission. Then they dashed through the flanks of the savages, and after sweeping the ridges with carbine and pistol, lifted the white troopers out of the pocket with such grace that after the battle was over the men of both regiments hugged one another on the field.

When the trumpeters of the Seventh Cavalry got in front of General Miles they blew a shrill blast, and passed on into the blinding storm. Then the musicians from Angel Island played "Garryowen." This was Custer's charging music, and as the famous regiment came over the yellow knolls in company front and carbines at a salute, the horses began to dance to the irresistible melody. Major Whitside was in command. He had no sword, but he waved his hand. General Miles's emotion was now so intense that he hung his hat on the pommel of his saddle, and let the storm toss his gray hair as far as it pleased. The capes of the troopers were flung back, exposing the lemon-colored linings, and the fur caps were tied in such a way under the chin that they gave the wind-tanned faces a peculiarly grim expression. The scars of three days' fighting were plainly visible in this grand regiment.

There were men missing in every troop, and poor Captain Wallace and brave Lieutenants Mann and Garlington were also gone. A second lieutenant, with a bandaged head, was the only officer of little K Troop; and bringing up the rear was B Troop, with one-third of its men either in graves or hospital cots.

The column was almost pathetically grand, with its bullet-pierced gun-carriages, its tattered guidons, and its long lines of troopers and foot-soldiers facing a storm that was almost unbearable. It was the grandest demonstration by the army ever seen in the West; and when the soldiers had gone to their tents, the sullen and suspicious Brulés were still standing like statues on the crests of the hills.

GENERAL MILES ON THE CAMPAIGN.

Before General Miles left Pine Ridge Agency for his home in Chicago he expressed himself as being greatly pleased with the outcome of the military campaign against the rebellious and fanatical element of the Sioux. So far back as last summer General Miles had strong proof that the sixteen great tribes of Indians in the Northwest, representing 100,000 souls, contemplated making reprisals for their years of suffering from the policy of neglect observed by the government in its treatment of them. The conspiracy involved such irreconcilables as Sitting-Bull, Kicking-Bear, Big-Foot, and, it is said, old Red-Cloud, who is now nearly blind. General Miles admits that the ghost dance, which eventually inflamed nearly all the young men in the great Sioux nation, was merely a cloak for the plot which was to have burst when the grass got green, and snuffed out the lives of hundreds of unprotected settlers living in isolated places on the frontier. The killing of Sitting-Bull and the speedy and masterful concentration of troops, however, demoralized the conspirators, and what was to have been the most stupendous uprising in the history of Indian warfare became a stampede of nearly 3000 Brulés, 3500 Ogallalas, and 1000 Uncapapas from the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River agencies. Big-Foot, who perhaps was the actual leader of the fanatical Northern Sioux after the death of Sitting-Bull, was slain, with nearly all of his band, in an engagement with the Seventh Cavalry at Wounded Knee. This awful slaughter again awed the hostiles, and made it easier for General Miles to treat with them.

General Miles, however, is discreet in talking about this terrible battle, but it is known that he still considers Colonel Forsyth's disposition of the troops before the firing began as faulty, and in direct violation of his instructions. The reports on which the commanding general ordered the suspension of Colonel Forsyth indicate that the soldiers formed a parallelogram about the Indians, and that in the confusion which followed the first volley from the Sioux there must have been troopers who fell from the cross-fire of their comrades. With the exception of this mistake, if such it shall be proved, General Miles has nothing but praise for the conduct of officers and men. While deploring the killing of non-combatants, he has been convinced that in the frightful hand-to-hand fight, which raged for fifty minutes in a dense smoke, it would have been impossible to make any discrimination among the hooded savages who flung themselves against the soldiers.

General Miles has some very positive opinions as to the government's treatment of the Indians and its duty in the present crisis. It is his firm belief that an Indian can be made submissive by feeding and clothing him properly. If the redskins received all they are entitled to, there would not be, in the opinion of General Miles, any more outbreaks like the one of the past three months. It costs less money to feed an Indian than it does to fight him, and the results are better all round. General Miles is also in favor of the speedy and liberal adjustment of the claims of those Indians who remained loyal to the government, and who lost everything but the tepees in which they now live by the raid of the ghost-dancing hostiles, who broke away from the Rosebud and Northern agencies. If an Indian is to lose his cabin, his horses, and his cows for being loyal to the government, and then be compelled to sit in squalor and misery until the administration makes up its too frequently sluggish mind to reimburse him, there should be no surprise, in the opinion of General Miles, if the neglected sufferer turned savage, and sought the sport the Brulés in the present campaign have enjoyed without punishment and almost without hinderance.

General Miles is also of the belief that the chances of further trouble in the spring can be minimized by the removal to distant territory of some of the leaders of the irreconcilable element, as was done with the Apaches in the Southwest.

CHARLES G. SEYMOUR.

THE STORY OF WOUNDED KNEE.

The Seventh Cavalry had lain in camp at Pine Ridge from the 27th November till the 26th December, 1890, when an order came which sent our First Battalion to do important work. We got the order at 12 M., and about dark that short winter day were in camp on Wounded Knee Creek, eighteen miles away.

Two Hotchkiss guns, manned by an officer and ten men of Battery E, First Artillery, accompanied us. Men and officers were in fine spirits, and found nothing to regret but the absence of head-quarters and the Second Battalion, who had been left to endure the monotony of Pine Ridge.

Each battalion has four troops. The First, to which I belong, is commanded by Major S. M. Whitside, and at Wounded Knee had 232 men and ten officers. Of the men, eighty-one were new, but little trained as soldiers, and not at all as marksmen. Thirty-eight had joined at Pine Ridge only a few days before they were called on to fight. Prior to this campaign eighty-five per cent. of our men had seen nothing of Indians—indeed, had no knowledge of them beyond what is usually acquired at home by city or country boys of their class and station.

Our main arm is the Springfield carbine, which is not a magazine gun.

Major Whitside was ordered to capture and disarm Big-Foot's band of Minneconjoux Sioux, or, in event of their resistance, to destroy them. The Sioux Indian is noted for his exceeding litheness, agility, dexterity with weapons, skill as a marksman, and surpassing horsemanship. For generations he has been a hunter, and possesses by inheritance all the knack required in outwitting and securing every kind of game. No animal, however shy or watchful, is safe against the quick, stealthy approach of the Sioux Indian. This talent was well illustrated in the wounding of Lieutenant J. D. Mann. He was commanding his troop in skirmish line along a prominent ridge. About a hundred yards to his left and rear, and running from the crest down the slope, was a slight depression, whose existence no one suspected. A few Indians crawled along this, and gave us a volley partly enfilading and partly in reverse. A detachment was sent there at once, but saw no one.

Big-Foot's band was the worst of their race, and had they been disarmed, would have been sent as prisoners of war to Gordon, Nebraska, and thence by rail to a distant point. They belonged at the Cheyenne Agency, and were trying to penetrate our lines and join the hostiles in the Bad Lands of White River. On leaving home they had cut up their harness, broken their wagons, and shown clearly their intention of going to war.

The 27th and 28th December were devoted to scouting the country surrounding our camp on Wounded Knee. But no trace of the Indians could be found until about noon of the 28th, when a scout reported they were only fourteen miles away. We were soon mounted, and after a rapid trot of an hour and a half, saw them on high ground two miles in our front. A mile further we dismounted, and formed line on a crest. The Indians moved forward, bucks on horseback in long line in front, women and children in wagons or travois in rear. They displayed the white flag—a false emblem, as shown next day.

Deducting an officer and twenty-five men left to guard camp, and including Lieutenant H. L. Hawthorne and the detachment of artillery, our force amounted to 225 men and ten officers. Leaving one-fourth of the troopers to hold horses, our line of battle had 170 men and ten officers.

Suddenly appeared indications of dispersion in the right wing of the hostile line, and several bucks broke off and galloped to our left. It looked like the beginning of trouble. But when sternly called to and motioned back, they returned, and all signs of scattering disappeared. Experienced officers pronounced the Indians "a saucy set," and quietly warned the soldiers to be ready. After a short conference Big-Foot surrendered his band, declared his heart was good, and that he loved the pale-faces. There were 120 warriors, well armed and supplied with ammunition. They were escorted to our camp, near which ground was assigned for their village. A wall tent with stove was set up for the chief, who was sick, and rations were given his people to the number of 380 souls. At nightfall the village was encircled by sentinels, with orders to permit neither exit nor entrance. Seven days before these events, this band had been captured by a battalion of the Eighth Cavalry, under Major E. V. Sumner. They escaped the first night, and conducted their march with such skill that the most zealous and extended scouting failed to discover any trace of them. General Brooke had offered twenty-five dollars to any scout who found them, and his offer had been doubled by the reporters of the press.

On the evening of the 28th it was quite natural that all should be merry in our camp. Officers and men were delighted that Big-Foot was found and captured. The main obstacle in the way to early and peaceable adjustment was apparently removed. Home and comfort seemed near at hand. Officers said and felt they would rather shoulder a gun and do duty as sentinels than see the Minneconjoux have the slightest chance left them of a second escape. I was officer of the guard, and never saw duty as well done. The night was cold, invited rapid motion of sentinels on their beats, and made sleep impossible even for the reserve.

Whitside had captured the Indians; they must now be disarmed or destroyed, but destroyed only in case of resistance. To demand their arms before accepting the surrender was the plan that offered itself at first. But this was wisely rejected, and at once a message was sent to General Brooke, making known the state of the case, and suggesting that the Second Battalion be sent out.

This measure was induced by no apprehension of trouble, but was a precaution to render failure impossible. Brooke approved, and the Second Battalion, with General Forsyth, reached Wounded Knee at 8.30 P.M. Two Hotchkiss guns, with a detachment of Battery E, First Artillery, under Captain Capron, came also. Before leaving Pine Ridge, General Forsyth received the same orders as had been given Whitside. As to the personnel of the Second Battalion, the same is generally true as stated in describing the First. The night passed quietly. At 8 A.M. of the 29th, in a conference with the head men, General Forsyth explained what was required. They stated they had no guns. All the bucks were then assembled, and told their guns must be surrendered. Their countenances were sullen, their attitude and air ugly and defiant. It seemed highly improbable they would come to terms. Twenty were told off, and ordered to go to the village and bring their guns. They soon returned with two old pieces, long used, no doubt, as toys by the children, but forming no part of the splendid Winchesters owned by the warriors. It was clear they would not of themselves give up the guns. Forsyth's position was a trying one. Every peaceable method must be tried, all gentle means must fail, the Indians must resist before they were destroyed. In this emergency a practical, possibly dangerous, plan presented itself. Two dismounted troops, fully armed, and numbering 110 men, were marched up and disposed at right angles on two sides of the semicircle of bucks. A small detachment from each, under an officer, was sent through the village to search for arms. They found thirty-eight old guns, which were clearly not the kind wanted. They had probably been carried in the wagons with the squaws, but made no part of the equipment of the warriors.

It was now evident the bucks were armed. They had made no resistance, however, and the moment for destroying them was not come. Of gentle means, only one remained untried.

Personal search must now be made at all hazards. It proved more deadly than an attempt to deprive of their claws an equal number of tigers, for the search was hardly begun when the whole body of painted, bedizened fanatics sprang as one man, or rather as one demon, flung off their blankets, and with nothing but breech clouts and light ghost shirts to impede their marvellous agility, began emptying their magazine rifles into the ranks of the soldiers. The fire was returned instantly and with great effect, so that after a desperate struggle of a few minutes the surviving bucks made a headlong rush for the village, and thence into the adjacent ravine. Here they met death from the men of A and I troops, dismounted and disposed on that side.

The frightful hand to hand conflict which followed the attempt at personal search fell to the lot of B and K troops. Never were men called upon to meet a more sudden, more pressing, and more perilous crisis, and never was crisis more manfully met.

The troops of the Second Battalion were mounted, and held in readiness for pursuit. They, with the Hotchkiss guns, completed the destruction of Big-Foot's men. We learned from wounded Indians that it had been resolved in council the night before to attack the troops. The medicine-man gave the signal by throwing in the air a handful of sand and blowing a whistle. Poor deluded savages! Nothing less could give efficient test of their talisman, the ghost shirt. Of the warriors, eighty-nine are known to have died, and ten to have been badly wounded. It is reported on fairly good authority that of the remaining twenty-one, fourteen were killed, six wounded, and one only escaped unhurt.

Many women and children were unavoidably killed and wounded. Officers made every effort to prevent their being hurt. "Don't hurt the squaws and children," was the general cry over the field. I found nineteen concealed in the ravine, and sent them under guard to a place of safety. They seemed greatly surprised and very grateful, and in their savage ignorance expected nothing but death.

B Troop was in line between the bucks and the ravine, and was the object of the first volleys. At the signal of the seer, the women and children made a mad rush for the ravine and jumped in. The direction of this rush was convergent, and brought the non-combatants in crowds before making the jump. There can be no doubt that many were struck by the bullets of their own people. Furthermore, it is well known that the inexperienced find it difficult to distinguish between squaws and bucks, even under circumstances the most favorable. I was stationed at Fort Yates, and saw Indians every day for several months before I could tell women from men when seen at a little distance, so similar is their general appearance and dress. As stated above, most of our men had seen little of Indians.

Official lists of our casualties have already been published, and it is deemed unnecessary to repeat them here. Many good men were killed and badly wounded. The wounds were unusually severe on account of the very close range at which they were inflicted. Six of the wounded have since died, and several have lost limbs. The second battalion suffered little, having only four killed and five wounded, or fifteen per cent. of the casualties. The artillery had only one wounded. A great conspiracy has now been crushed. This important result has been accomplished mainly by the wise and timely movement of troops. The sharp chastisement at Wounded Knee had a salutary effect.

Many plans are proposed for solving the Indian problem. One most important thing can be done, and no time should be lost in effecting it. Let white men on Indian reservations be reduced to the minimum as rapidly as possible. Let all offices at agencies be filled by Indians. Give them the clerkships, the traderships, the post-office, the carpenter, shoe, tailor, harness, blacksmith, barber, and other shops. Let them run the saw-mill when there is one. In short, let no work be given white men that can be done by Indians. This rule should be rigorously observed. Teachers in the schools and ministers of religion should also be Indians as soon as may be. The Rev. Mr. Cook is a full-blood Sioux, and a highly educated refined gentleman. He has charge of the Episcopal church here, and officiated at the funerals of our men killed in action. That degraded creature, the squaw man, who does so much mischief, should be abolished; and any white man who lives with a squaw should be obliged to quit the reservation, and the woman should lose all right to rations or annuities. White traders ought to go as soon as their places can be filled with Indians.

John C. Gresham,
First Lieutenant, Seventh Cavalry.

A WINTER GARDEN.

Though the spring is rippling free,
All the garden unto me,
Through the witchery of sight,
Is a winter vision bright.

Those white roses all a-blow
Are a drift of carven snow;
And those flowers red and gold
Are the flames the coals unfold.

O'er those flames upon the bough
Bursts a rich snow blossom now;
Now another quite as rare,
And still others here and there.

'Tis the spirit of Jack Frost
Up among the limbs wind-tost;
While the leaflets lisp in glee,
Popping corn upon the tree.

R. K. Munkittrick.

SECRETARY WINDOM.

The death of Secretary Windom at a festal board in this city last Thursday night is the most sensational and dramatic episode of the kind that has occurred since President Garfield was shot in the Baltimore & Potomac station at Washington nearly ten years ago. There were gathered at that dinner, given by the Board of Trade and Transportation of New York city, a number of the men most eminent in business and finance in this country. Mr. Windom was the first speaker of the evening, and was destined to be the last. The toast to which he replied was, "Our country's prosperity dependent upon its instruments of commerce." Never had the Secretary appeared in more perfect health or more perfectly the master of the occasion. His speech was eminently timely, and must have had a great influence upon public opinion, even if it had not acquired such a painful and pathetic interest as the last utterance of a patriotic statesman to his countrymen. His concluding sentences will long be remembered: "How, then, will unlimited coinage either expand the circulation or enhance the value of silver? As if determined to omit nothing which might accelerate these results, the advocates of present free coinage insist that it shall not await the slow process of mint operations, but that the printing-press shall be set to work providing certificates to be issued for silver bullion at one dollar for 371¼ grains. When this consummation shall be reached, as surely it will be if unlimited coinage be adopted under existing conditions, the too ardent and impetuous lovers of silver will sadly realize the truth uttered by the wise king of Israel, 'He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver.'" While the chairman of the feast was introducing the next speaker a gasp was heard, and all eyes turned toward Mr. Windom. He had become unconscious, and fallen from his chair. He was quickly removed to the anteroom, but lived only six minutes after the first shock. Apparently in the midst of his career of usefulness, he was stricken down in a moment of great success.

William Windom was born in Belmont County, Ohio, May 10, 1827, and grew up on the farm that his father had cleared in the hitherto unbroken forest. As a boy he had very little schooling, but showed a great love for books. Before he attained his majority he became a tailor's apprentice in Fredericktown, Ohio. It was very soon evident to him that he would never attain success in this calling, and he determined to be a lawyer. His decision was not pleasing to his parents, who, being Hicksite Quakers, looked upon the law as an iniquitous profession. William persevered, however, in his decision, and at the age of twenty-three was admitted to the bar. He opened an office at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and took some part in politics as a Whig. In 1852 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Knox County by 300 majority, overcoming a normal Democratic majority of more than 1000. In 1855 Mr. Windom removed to Winona, Minnesota. He became a Republican at the very birth of the new party, and in 1858 he was chosen a Representative in Congress, and served in the House for ten years. He acted as a member of the Committee on Public Lands and Expenditures, as chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and was also a member of the special Committee on the Rebellious States. In 1870 he was appointed United States Senator to fill an unexpired term, and was twice re-elected. During his Senatorial career Mr. Windom was chairman of a special Senate Committee on Transportation, which did some of the most important work ever accomplished in Congress. One of the results of its labors was the adoption of the jetty system at the mouth of the Mississippi. In 1876, when Senator Lot M. Morrill went into the cabinet, Mr. Windom was made chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. This was the memorable Congress in which a dead-lock existed so long between the two Houses on the subject of appropriations, and the labor thrown upon the chairman of the Senate committee was something enormous.

In 1880 he was put forward by the Minnesota delegates in the Republican National Convention as a candidate for President, and received the solid vote of his delegation for twenty-eight ballots. When General Garfield became President, he chose Mr. Windom as his Secretary of the Treasury. He found the finances in an unsatisfactory state. More than $700,000,000 were due or payable to creditors within a few months, and Congress had refused to make any appropriation to satisfy these claims. It was thought inevitable that an extra session of Congress should be called to overcome the difficulty; but Mr. Windom succeeded in avoiding trouble by proposing a law which provided for the refunding of the government bonds at three and a half per cent. The law was enacted by Congress, the refunding operation was completely successful, and the government was not only rescued from its predicament, but saved thereafter more than $2,300,000 a year in the payment of interest.

When Mr. Arthur became President, Mr. Windom gladly resigned his place, and soon afterward was elected by the Minnesota Legislature to fill his own unexpired term in the Senate. At the close of this term his enemies were successful in preventing his re-election. Thereafter, although he retained his residence in Minnesota, he lived most of the time in New York city.

After Mr. Windom's previous successful administration of the Treasury Department, it was not a surprise when President Harrison offered him a place in his cabinet. Mr. Windom's policy since March 4, 1889, is a matter of recent and well-known record. While a consistent friend of silver as coin, he saw only too clearly the dangers that lie in free and unlimited coinage of that metal. His reports took strong ground in favor of the maintenance of our monetary standard, and his very last utterance was an exhortation to his countrymen to preserve the high standard of monetary obligation maintained so long and with so much honor.

EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

The opening of the Water-color Exhibition is looked forward to each year in New York by the artists, the amateurs of art, the public—what we are wont to call the "art world," in short—much as children wait for Christmas. There is something gay and smiling and attractive about it that belongs to no other of the annual picture shows, and it has become perhaps the most distinctively American in character of any of them. This year the decorations are as beautiful as usual, and in even better taste than they have been sometimes, in that they are admirably subordinated to the display of the pictures, and though charming in themselves, they are in no way obtrusive. The South Gallery of the academy is quiet and dignified, with pictures in gold frames and gold mats, and the walls above hung with bronze or dull gold stuffs; the North Gallery is treated in the same general manner. In the East Gallery there is a merry medley of gold and white in the framing, and the West Gallery is bright and sparkling with pretty pictures in white frames and white mats, touches of gold here and there, and cream-white silk drapery covering the walls to the ceiling. The corridor is positively festive, the etchings, with their gray patches and black spots, being hung here. The draping of the walls is in yellow and gray silky stuffs; the big yellow banner, with the red Chinese dragon on it, is hung in the air, like a canopy, over the stairway, and on the landing are palms and other green plants, while over the doors are shelves that hold Oriental porcelains and brasses, a subdued bit of color here and there to give a telling note—but not too telling—in the general scheme of the decoration. Much credit is due to Messrs. J. C. Nicoll, F. C. Jones, and J. D. Smillie, the committee in charge of this part of the work, and it has never been done better; if as well, before.

In the South Gallery the traditional place of honor is given to "Mending Nets," No. 364, by Winslow Homer. It is an admirable work, especially interesting in character and original in composition. One of the girls, seated on a bench and seen in profile, is not mending nets, by-the-way, though her companion is. The young woman in front is knitting blue yarn stockings, and the action in the body and the arms and in the turn of the head is given with that truth and right sort of sentiment with which Mr. Homer invests his figures. There is infinite charm in this picture, and it must rank with the best things this most gifted painter has produced. Not far away is a little picture by W. T. Smedley, "If Roses Fade," No. 334, a young woman in a pink *peignoir*, seated in a low chair, and gazing intently at the reflection of her face in a cheval-glass that stands before her. It is soberly treated, and excellent both in technique and in sentiment, and were it not that we are accustomed to expect a great deal from Mr. Smedley—for we judge him by what he has shown at other exhibitions—more might be said about it. It will suffice here to mark it as one of the best things he has exhibited, and as one of the worthiest sheets in the galleries. "A Dutch Girl," No. 214, by Albert E. Sterner, is certainly one of the cleverest things here, and it is a water-color pure and simple, painted very frankly in transparent washes. In color it is refined and delicate, and the girl's face is full of expression. Yet, if cleverness is what we are looking for—and by cleverness is meant not mere manual dexterity, but sureness, accuracy in drawing, skill in handling the medium in the simplest way to secure the best result—we shall find nothing more clever in its way than the picture of a young girl in a red gown lying on green velvet cushions and a white rug, "With Thoughts Far Away," No. 409, by Irving R. Wiles. This must be a Venetian girl, for where else but in Venice are there such handsome reds as Mr. Wiles has found for his lady's robe, and where else would there be such a fine piece of red and gold embroidered stuff as the one that hangs on the wall? Perhaps they are in the artist's studio; but it looks like Venice, and we shall not enter into discussions on realisms. The picture is an attractive one, and says quite the last word in skilful manipulation of water-color. "Fifth Avenue," No. 466, by Childe Hassam, is one of the artist's street scenes that we are getting to know and like so well, a picture of fine ladies and gentlemen this time, walking on the favorite promenade of New York. There is much bowing and some staring, and no lack of fine raiment; and a lady with a little girl by her side are given as the central figures in a composition that is arranged with a due regard for the truth of such scenes. The day, too, is a fine one for walking, not too hot, though it is summer-time, for the sun is not shining, and the sky is veiled with fleecy white clouds. Of course it is well painted; that goes without saying.

There are two pretty girls—one in white, the other in black—in Mr. Green's picture, "Gossips," No. 481, and it is a good piece of water-color painting; and there is but one in Mr. Dielman's "Eleanor," No. 359; but she is daintily clad in a pale blue wrap, with old lace, and has a straw hat on her head, with feathers in it, and a gray feather fan—a carefully painted picture. There is a young woman, too, in Mr. Church's "Afternoon Tea," No. 512, as we might naturally expect; but to find a white bear seated on either side of her is startling. Yet that is the subject, and the girl is a Puritan girl, and she and the bears seem perfectly at ease, sitting out-of-doors on a log, with a suggestion of a May landscape about them. Mr. Church paints fantasies, and they have a charm of their own. This one is delicate and pretty in color. "Friends," No. 374, by Clark Crum, shows a Dutch boy with a lamb in his arms, and another standing in the grass beside him—a pretty picture, and extremely well painted. And "In Mischief," No. 340, by Charles C. Curran, justifies its title, for it is a study of a cabbage garden and a corn field, and there is a cow in it. It is remarkable for minute finish, even the veins in the leaves of the cabbages being given with the utmost apparent fidelity. "The Game-keeper," No. 190, by L. C. Earle, is a portrait of a sturdy old man with his gun in his hands, frankly painted, and as straightforward in manner as the game-keeper himself seems to be.

There are many good landscapes in the exhibition, as there always are, and Mr. Ranger's "Shed and Stack," No. 406, with its fine gray tone; Mr. C. Harry Eaton's "Indian-summer," No. 394, with a group of yellow and dark red foliaged trees about an abandoned mill, a hazy blue sky, and the mill-pond reflecting it in the foreground; Mr. Post's "In the Meadows," No. 498, a bright, crisply painted bit of meadow and stream; and Mr. Drake's broadly treated and effective "Dutch Fishing-Boat," No. 47, are among them. Most of our best-known painters in water-color are represented in the exhibition this year, and the average merit of the work is higher than ever. No one who has eyes to see can deny that in water-colors American artists have made very great progress in the last few years; and the exhibition this season is a source for congratulation on what has been achieved, and the best promise possible of good in the future.

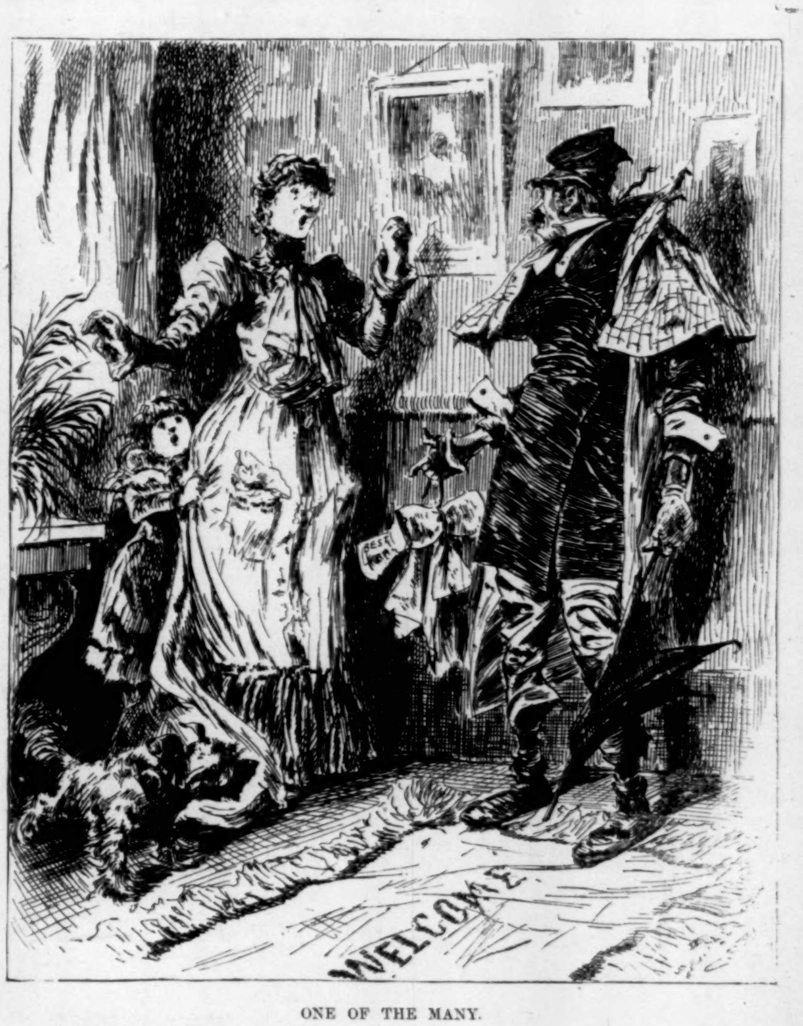
William A. Coffin.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Without, my garden stretches bare;
The trees bow 'neath the wind's abuse;
My white-rose bush long ceased to dare
Raise 'gainst their warring tender truce;
The crabbèd branches sough and sigh;
The season waxes late;
The fallen leaves are grown so dry
My passing makes them prate.

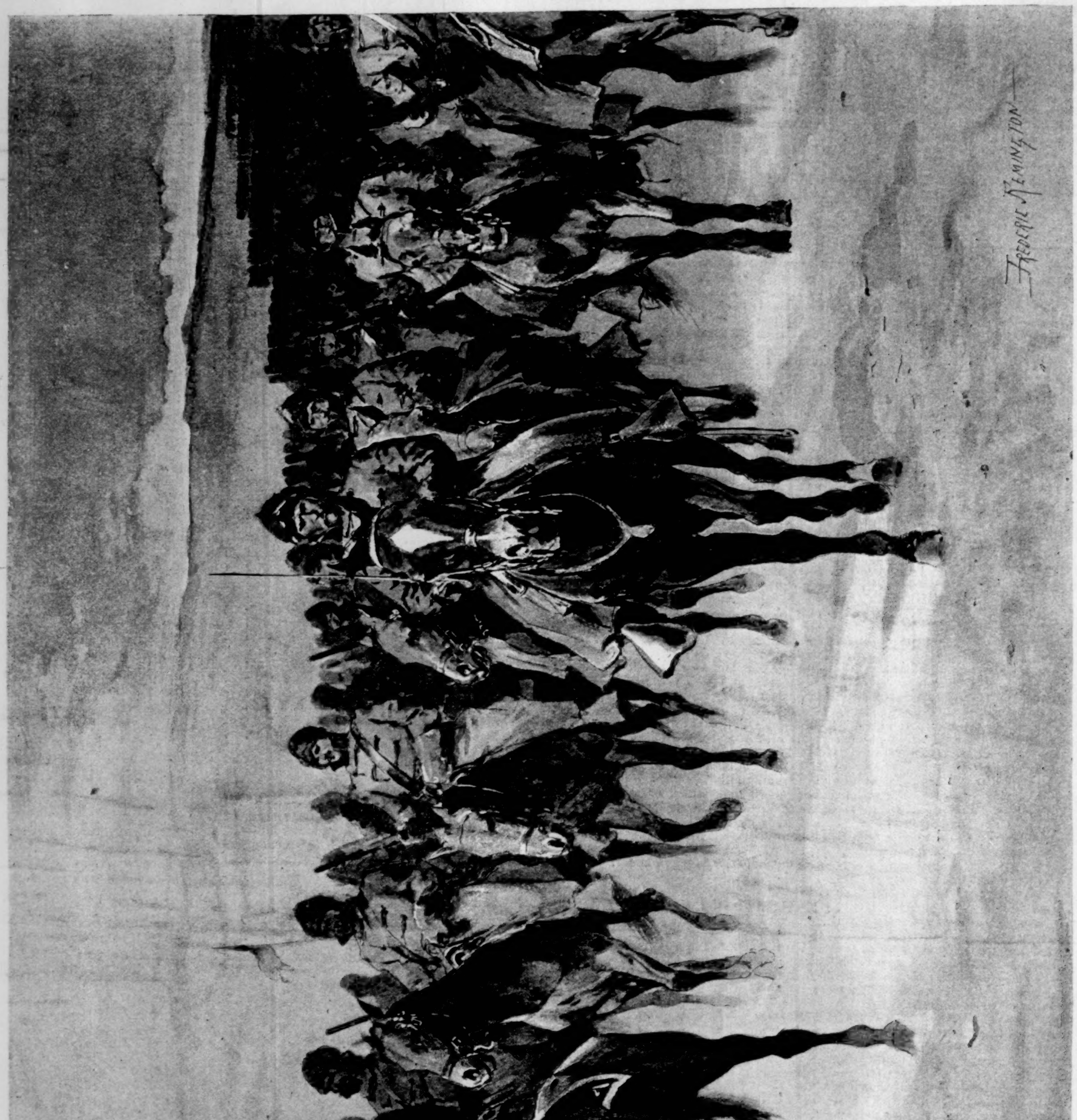
While just within my chamber here
Chrysanthemums from hour to hour
Translate for me the grief-torn year
Into a truth of tattered flower;
Until I see a thing of shreds,
If fashioned heaven-wise,
May prove as rich with goodly heads
As aught beneath the skies.

Julie M. Lippmann.

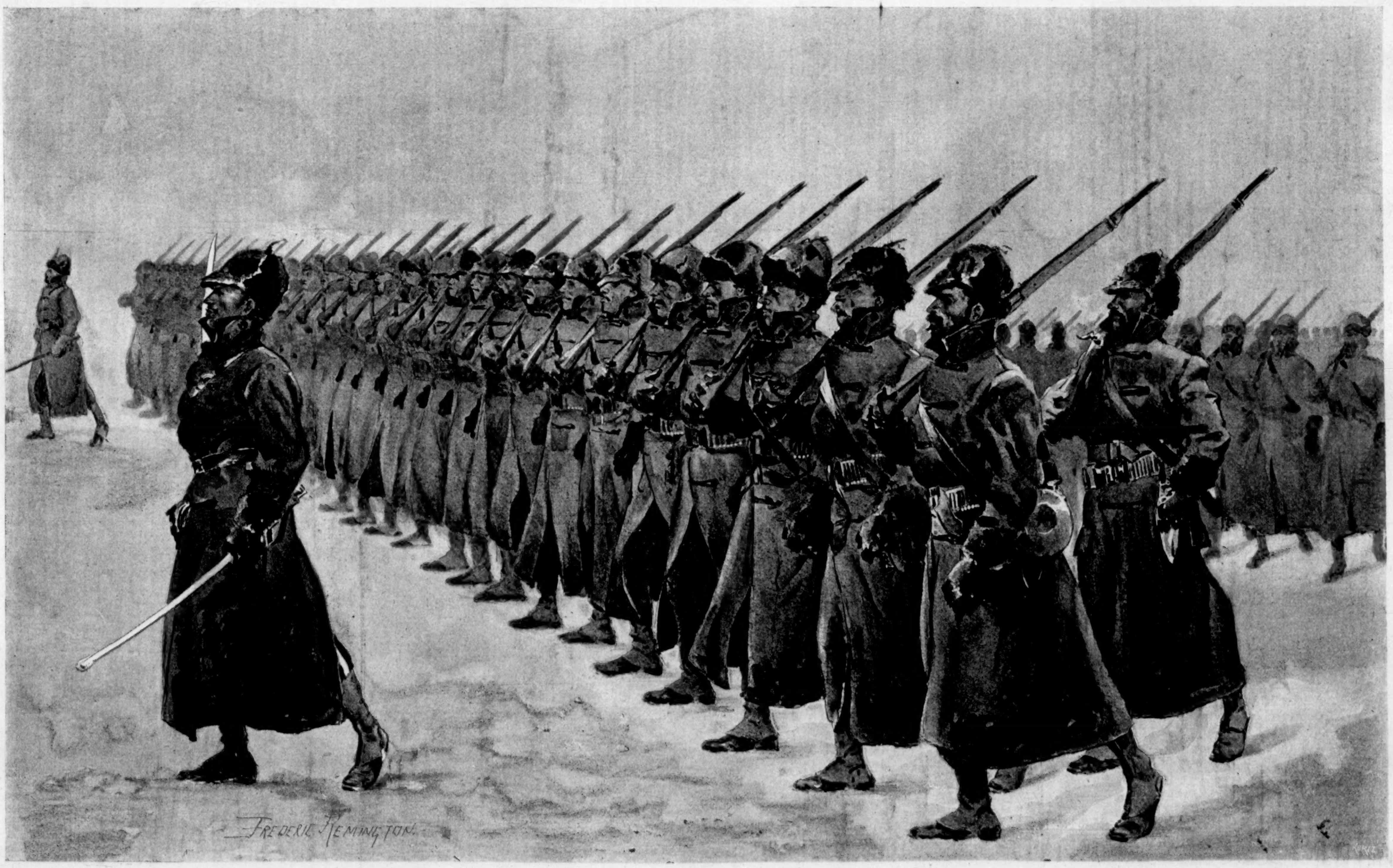


ONE OF THE MANY.

"Why, William, what has happened?"
"Elevated railway, dear."
"Accident?"
"Yes. Thought I'd try it this evening instead of a surface car. Got on at Rector; started to get out at Eighth; and it was only by sheer good luck, and by accident, I guess, that I got off at Twenty-third with anything on at all."


FREDERIC REMINGTON

THE SIOUX WAR—FINAL REVIEW OF GENERAL MILES'S ARMY AT PINE RIDGE—THE CAVALRY.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 106.]


Frederic Remington

THE SIOUX WAR—FINAL REVIEW OF GENERAL MILES'S ARMY AT PINE RIDGE—THE INFANTRY.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 106.]

SWEAR EAST; OR, DICK EAST'S BABY.

BY ELIZABETH GREENLEAF.

I.

THE shadows were creeping fast across Broncton Valley at the close of a hot day in the late summer. Silas Fleming's *Atalanta* was moving as quietly as a shadow, but it went the other way, toward the glowing west. That boat was "the dearest spot of earth" to the captain's wife, and the only place that she had any right to call a home. She spent a part of every day at the tiller, with knitting in hand, and a bit of a sail stretched over her head for an awning. As good as most men at the helm, and a better knitter than the average woman, she could thus turn each moment to account, steering or working, according to the exigencies of canal life.

There was an air of thrift about the boat itself. It was well painted. The little side windows of the stable under the high bow deck were covered with netting to keep out the flies, a few geraniums blossomed happily in kegs and cans, and the deck was clean.

It was while she evened the stitches on her last needle that Mrs. Fleming spoke her mind freely about one of her aquatic neighbors. "She ain't social," she said, with decision, slipping the work back and forth, and looking mechanically to see if she had dropped a stitch—"leastways, not what *I* call social."

Captain Fleming himself was at the stern, and his presence was indicated by clouds of tobacco smoke, issuing from a short clay pipe. To these clouds his wife addressed her critical remarks about the unknown "she." It was as near to a conversation as they often came, Silas generally considering his duty done if he listened. It took some mental effort to do that.

Appetizing odors of cookery rose from the cabin beneath, and a fresh young voice repeated a melodious petition to "ring those charming bells." Then the singing ceased, and a light foot came running up the steep little stairway. Mrs. Fleming glanced over her spectacles at a girl whose head now rose above the level of the deck, and said, briefly, "Supper ready?"

"'*Most* ready," was the answer; "an' the biscuits is lovely. But what is the matter?" She came up another step, and then another, and moved slowly forward, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked toward the west over a landscape veiled in golden light.

"Matter!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "Well, now, I do declare! How sharp you are to see things! Some boat's aground, I guess."

Silas started to his feet when the girl spoke, and went quickly to the bow to shout "Jim," with an energy as surprising as it was unnecessary, for Jim had seen the row of stationary boats, and stopped his team in season. The *Atalanta* was moving more slowly even then, and a few moments later she was moored behind the yellow boat with black ribs, which had been just in advance of her all the afternoon.

"Sair' Ann," called her father, "jes look a minit. Young eyes is best. Is't Simkin's boat aground?"

"No; it's Thribbles's, from Pocotaw. Buildin' stone an' sich. Must hev sprung aleak," said Sair' Ann, promptly, her keen sight having caught certain distinguishing marks on the side of the boat, which had swung across the channel as it settled. She knew, and she knew she knew, more about the canal and its population than the Collector of the Port himself. She was ready to give the name of the quarry in this case, and even the quality of the stone. Indeed, it was surprising to hear all the things she knew about that particular boat, till it appeared that the younger Thribbles was what she blushingly called "a friend."

The air grew cooler and the light clearer as boat after boat stopped and tied up by the towpath, the ropes wriggling loosely across the dusty path like snakes. Teams browsed about or were taken into their stables. There were shouts and whistles, neighings, songs, and oaths. A town, a Venice, a Rotterdam, had sprung up in a single hour.

"Land sakes!" cried Mrs. Fleming, choosing her exclamation in direct contrast with the circumstances of her life, "we won't get to Peterton afore to-morrow noon. That 'll put you out, father," she added, after a moment's thought.

"Yes, it's bad," Silas said, gloomily. "Let's hev supper. Hurry up there, Sair' Ann."

"All right; in a minit," the girl answered, and disappeared again below.

"Saunders 'll be lookin' for this garden sass for early market," Mrs. Fleming continued.

"—— Saunders! Ain't we never goin' to hev supper?"

"Why, there's Mis' Kennery comin' over here now! Whatever can she want o' me?" was the irrelevant response, while the knitting-needles were thrust in and out of the coarse blue stocking and then into its ball of yarn. "Good-evenin', Mis' Kennery. We seen your boat jest ahead. Silas 'll hev the plank out in a jiffy. Glad to see ye. Come right aboard."

A pleasant deep-toned voice answered "Good-evenin'" from the towpath. "How's all your folks?"

"Fust-rate. I'm awful glad to see you." And when the guest was safely on the boat she continued: "Did your left ear burn? I was jest a-sayin' ye warn't social overmuch. Kinder overstepped the truth, didn't I? Supper's ready. Come right down an' hev some. Sair' Ann says the biscuits is lovely."

"Well, I ain't hungry; but I wouldn't keep ye all from eatin'. I'll come an' set down. I'm glad to get a good look at ye once in a while."

Before they had been seated at Sair' Ann's tea table many minutes Mrs. Fleming fixed her eyes on her guest's face with frank curiosity, and said, "You've got somethin' on your mind, Mis' Kennery, an' you won't never enjoy Sair' Ann's biscuits till you speak out."

Mrs. Kennery smiled a little. "You're a smart woman, Mis' Flemin'," she said, appreciatively. And then she looked down for a moment, and seemed to be considering her next words. "I'd like to go up to the Easts' afore dark," she said at last. "Marthey East's dead, you know—died this mornin'—'n' I'd like to see how Mis' Ruddle's gettin' on, an' the baby. It's wonderful lucky the boats stuck right here to-night."

"So 'tis; so 'tis. Hev another slice o' this bacon? Sair' Ann cuts it reel nice an' thin. Goin' alone?"

"No. Thet's it. I thought mebbe you'd go along with me."

"Course I would. Ther's plenty round to wash the dishes an' 'tend to things 'thout me; an' no one knows what time we'll hev hereabouts."

The two women soon stepped ashore, and walked rapidly along the towpath in the clear yellow light of the early evening after the sun first sank out of sight. All about them the land was parcelled out in fertile squares of green. A rim of violet hills seemed everywhere to hem the valley in, except at one point in the west, where the silver ribbon of the canal found its way out into the wide, wide world again.

The *Atalanta* had just rounded the bend below Jasper's when Thribbles's boat went aground, and the prettiest bit of the whole canal lay before the women, to be traversed on their merciful errand.

"I'll not deny that I had more in mind," said Mrs. Kennery, as they turned off the path, and followed a lane through grain field and meadow-land up toward an unpainted house that stood on a bit of rising ground.

"I knowed it," said Mrs. Fleming.

"Fine poplars!" continued Mrs. Kennery, meditatively. "Folks could allers tell where the Easts lived. Reg'lar landmarks, them trees; an' always pointin' up like the church steeples. I've watched for 'em many a year, every time our boat come this way. Poor Marthey!" and she gave a long, sobbing sigh.

"It might 'a' ben worse," remarked Mrs. Fleming, in a consoling tone.

"In course. 'Twa'n't bad at all till Dave East took sick. Hard work 'll never kill a cheerful woman. It takes worry." She broke off suddenly, looking up at the closed and quiet home, and then went on earnestly: "Death's almost better'n thinkin' about a trouble day an' night, till it seems as if the hull world was jes made up o' that very thing."

They walked on silently for a few moments.

"It's the swearin' that's 'most breakin' my heart—the swearin' on our reach of the canal," she finally said, in a low voice, but with very distinct enunciation.

Mrs. Fleming turned an astonished face toward her, but there was no mistaking either the words or the earnestness of the speaker. "Swearin'!" she exclaimed. "Why, it don't never trouble *me*."

"No; in course not." (She was just going to add, "you're used to it," but she caught herself up in time.) "In course not, for you 'ain't ben thinkin' much about it, I expect."

"No; not much."

"Well, I hev. Widders looks at things dif'runtly. Five sons a-growin' up, an' only me to look to, *makes* me think."

"That's so!" interjected Mrs. Fleming, with sympathy.

"I knowed you'd say so; you're so feelin'. Old Limber was the man that set me to thinkin' about it. He says the Broncton Canal is the wickedest in the country, an' the swearin' from Simpsonville to Peterport 'd make the devil turn pale. He never heard nothin' like it, Limber didn't." Then she broke out vehemently: "Mis' Flemin', we've got to stand up agin it, an' every woman on the boats 'll thank us for it—when it's done."

"We! Us!" repeated Mrs. Fleming, in a tone of surprise and alarm.

They had reached the house. On the knob was tied a bit of black stuff, which Mrs. Kennery was forced to grasp in order to get the door open. She did it reluctantly, with lips firmly pressed together, and felt almost as if she were touching the body of the dead woman within. Then they passed through a narrow hall to a back room where there was lamp-light. In the middle of this room was a bed, and there lay Mrs. East's body, properly placed, with rigid limbs, hands folded upon the breast, and a peaceful look upon the face that comforted the two friends who stood gazing at it.

"The fight's over for her. There's no need for her to stand up agin anything now," Mrs. Kennery said, with a sigh, as she drew the sheet up again over the dead face.

Her sigh was echoed by the long drawn breath of sleep. Lifting the sheet again, she turned it down farther, and saw a two-year-old child lying asleep by his dead mother. Both women were moved to tears by the sight.

"Jes think. She can't never turn over an' put her arm round the child agin," said Mrs. Fleming, as they crossed the room to speak to the deaf old grandmother, who sat by the stove, regardless of the summer heat, and, moaning often, rocked her thin, feeble body to and fro.

"How d'ye do, Mis' Ruddle?" Mrs. Kennery said, in a kindly tone.

"I'm dyin' o' grief," was the reply.

"There's the purty baby," Mrs. Fleming hastened to say. "What'd become o' him ef *you* died?"

"The Lord only knows."

"But how could you put him *there?*" continued Mrs. Fleming.

"Oh! he won't take no hurt, 'n' I reckoned she'd like it." The women felt as if there were five persons in the room.

"You'll bring him up, Mis' Ruddle," said Mrs. Kennery, comfortingly, "an' he'll be supportin' you when you're old an' feeble."

"Old an' feeble, old an' feeble; *when* I'm old an' feeble," the grandmother repeated, with a kind of irony. "Mebbe he might, though, ef I'd live long enough."

Both women tried to comfort her, and made friendly offers to stay through the night, or till the burial; but she wanted nothing, and saw them go without regret.

Once out again, they breathed more freely in the soft evening air.

"Can she go on livin' there?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"I guess not. The farm's sold, an' the house an' garden's mortgaged."

"Why, they'll *starve!*" exclaimed kind-hearted Mrs. Fleming.

"That jes brings me round to what I was a-tellin' you. I've got a plan—"

They went back slowly, deep in confidential talk. The plan was unfolded. Mrs. Kennery walked up to the *Atalanta*; Mrs. Fleming turned and accompanied Mrs. Kennery back to the *Castor and Pollux*. They finally parted half-way between the boats, with many last words, and each one went on board her floating home in a grave and resolute mood; but Mrs. Fleming felt depressed by her share of the responsibility of the plan, while her friend was all strung up, and too excited for sleep.

The former, however, recounted to her family the condition of the East house and baby and Grandmother Ruddles, but she did not say one word about her friend's great plan. In fact, she had misgivings as she looked at her husband's weather-beaten face, and recalled the pointed and emphatic remarks with which he seasoned his daily conversation and expressed his daily irritability. She feared the undertaking would fail; but no matter. She had given her pledge to stand by Mrs. Kennery; it should be sink or swim, of course, on the canal.

Before midnight it was called along the line of tied-up boats that the steam-pump had come. In another hour Thribbles's boat might be ready to go on again.

Lanterns began to move about; shouts were heard; horses and mules tramped heavily out to their stations on the towpath; ropes tightened; water rippled against the massive bows; boat after boat began to creep forward. They would surely reach Peterton by noon.

II.

"My mother sent me to ask you to meetin' on her boat at seven o'clock to-night," called out a little urchin to each member of each boat's crew as they tied up at Peterton next day. Father and son, uncle and nephew, steersman and mule-driver—all were summoned, to their great surprise. Jimmy Kennery gave his messages discreetly, though his discretion was concealed, and he was willing to be thought a stupid boy. He made sure in every case that he was understood; but not one scrap of information could be extracted from him, partly for the good reason that he did not know so very much himself. But he awakened such general curiosity that every man promised to come, and then cudgelled his brain all the rest of the time with guesses about the object of the meeting, not one of which was even warm.

Jimmy went back to tell his mother what boats were in, and what men were on them; and she devoted much consideration to this list, recalling every man's life and present circumstances. Over some she shook her head; others were really pleasing. She believed that many of these men would stand by her, provided she could give the affair exactly the right turn; and her spirits rose with the emergency. If Kennery were only there to help her, was her thought.

At six o'clock she dressed herself neatly in a black gown, crossed a snowy kerchief over her bosom, and fastened it with an old-fashioned hair brooch. Finally, after a little consideration, she put on her bonnet with the widow's cap in it. "It's better," she said to herself, simply.

By half past six Mrs. Fleming came stumbling wearily over the gang-plank, with a great bundle in her arms, which was opened in the cabin, and proved to be the East baby—sleepy, rosy, warm, and sweet. "He's a heavy load," was her only comment. How she had gone after him and brought him to Peterton she could hardly explain herself. It had been like one of the labors of Hercules to a mind accustomed to a simple routine of canal life; but she had accomplished it.

The child was kept down in the cabin out of sight. Mrs. Kennery had spread out there the simple refreshments which she had decided to offer to her guests. "You can't buy good value for naught," she said, tersely, when her associate remonstrated with her for this extravagance—crackers and cheese, little cakes and early peaches, a bag of "fine cut" tobacco, with a pile of snow-white pipes, and coffee.

This last was simmering already, and its aroma met each man as he stepped on board, and made him feel good-humored right away. They greeted their hostess with many bows and backward scrapes of the foot and pulls at the forelock, all of which Mrs. Kennery received with excellent dignity and self-possession.

By five minutes after seven every soul was there except John Tranahan, who had scorned his invitation, and said some uncomplimentary things about the "prayer-meeting," as he was pleased to call the gathering.

Mrs. Kennery looked round at her guests from her chosen place on the stern deck. They, in turn, looked at her with a calm steadiness that reminded her suddenly of a flock of sheep. "May I be their leader," was her thought; "but may some One lead me!" The remembrance of a Power outside herself helped her. She needed help. Her heart was beating wildly. Clearly the very moment for her *coup d'état* had come, yet she still hesitated. Then she heard an old friend's voice; it was going on steadily in a genial growl about the damages to Thribbles's boat, and the canal being pretty low, and the amount of traffic by water.

"Nice way," it continued—"nice way this o' hevin' a tea party aboard. Guess I'd like to be in the fashion myself, ef it's all's nice as this, Mis' Kennery." And Sam Bilberry's kindly face beamed on the listening circle.

"Thank ye, Mr. Bilberry," she responded, while her hand sought the familiar support of the tiller, and she felt her courage coming back again. "I'd somethin' to say to ye all, an' I thought the coffee'd wash it down good ef ye didn't like the taste o' my words at first."

A murmur of "That's so," was heard from various quarters.

"It's to the men as runs on this beat in Broncton Valley I want to talk most particular," she went on; "but I hope any other man 'll take it kindly, as it's meant."

"In course," responded a heavy voice.

"Some o' ye know that Kennery was a good husband to me, an' a square, honest man." Everybody seemed aware of it. "An' ye all know my boys—five on 'em—an' good boys too, ef I says it as shouldn't; an' they've got to work here, an' run our boat, an' make a livin' for us."

"That's so, Mis' Kennery. We're with you so fur," said Silas Fleming, who had been a little chilly hitherto because he resented the fact that his wife had been keeping some secret from him, and had mysteriously absented herself from the boat. He thawed out now at the sight of Mrs. Kennery's agitation, for he wasn't the man to be mean to a woman beyond a certain point.

She glanced her thanks at him, and then made a desperate plunge. "Friends, it's the swearin'," she said. "I'll jes say the worst first, then mebbe I kin explain." There was a quick stir in her audience, but she didn't dare to let herself know whether it was *pro* or *con*; she just went straight ahead. "Ye'll forgive me, I know, for I've been a-studyin' on this thing a long time; an' the swearin's got sich hold on me 'at I think o' it all day an' dream o' it all night, an' I must speak, or I'll go crazy." A sigh. "Ef I *did* go crazy, I'd surprise ye worse yet. I'd swear an' swear an' swear till ye couldn't get no rest." A few grumbles intimated that some might rest and some mightn't. "I'd surprise ye," she repeated, "for I know well every evil word ye say. 'Twas Mr. Limber 'at talked about it. He said this spell o' canallin' was a perfect hell. He never heard no such talkin' any other place not to ekal it. I thought more over it 'cause I had the boys a-growin' up here, an' I began watchin' an' studyin', an' I've larnt all the badness. 'Tis awful, men, when ye get to notice it." She paused a few seconds. They could see her hand tremble as it still rested on the tiller. Before any one spoke, she began again: "Would ye give it up? Couldn't ye stop cussin' an' swearin' jes as ye'd stop fightin'?" She suddenly raised her head, and glanced over the inexpressive faces before her with a smile that was both sweet and winning. "I *know* ye could; an' it 'd help us all, an' give us a cleaner score."

"No; I'll be ——. Couldn't do it no way," exclaimed one old fellow. The younger men exchanged glances, and thrust their hands deep into their trousers pockets.

"What reel good 'd it do, anyhow?" sang out a voice from the crowd.

"Good?" echoed Mrs. Kennery. "I'll tell ye." Then going to the companionway, she called down, "Mis' Flemin'."

"I'll bring him in a minit," was the strange reply; and Mrs. Fleming came slowly up the stairs, carrying the East baby in her arms. With a half-explanatory, half-apologetic glance at her husband, she walked at once to Mrs. Kennery's side, and stood there quietly, an object of the deepest interest to all.

"That's Dave East's child," Mrs. Kennery said. "You 'ain't forgot Dave East?"

He was well remembered.

"Last winter he died, an' now his widder is lyin' unburied yet, an' this child an' his grandmother is left without a cent except the old furnishin's. He's a nice boy, an' I loved his mother well."

The child, aware perhaps that every eye was on him, began to kick and wriggle so that Mrs. Fleming was glad to put him down in front of her on the deck.

"Now ef the men on this boat," continued the advocate, "'d undertake to bring up that child an' feed the poor old woman, they'd bring a blessin' on the hull Bronceton Canal." Here the men shuffled their feet uneasily. "An' I know where they could get the money fur it."

This created a sensation. If she had said that the planking of the deck was lined with gold dollars, she couldn't have surprised them more. They begged her to tell, and they made foolish guesses; and some tried to make friends with the baby, who crawled a few feet, and then sat up again to look at them all solemnly.

Finally Silas Fleming said, bluntly, "This 'ain't got nothin' to do with the swearin'."

"You've hit the nail on the point, Mr. Flemin', for you're jes exactly wrong, an' that's within one o' bein' right. Here's my plan. Ef you'll all try, an' *reely* try, to give up swearin', an' 'll agree to pay down damages ev'ry time you forgit, Mis' Flemin' an' me 'll see to bringin' up this blessed child on them damages, an' take care o' th' old granny till she dies; 'twon't be long, *that* won't."

"Now, Mis' Kennery, you know sech money wouldn't pay for his bread an' milk," said one of the boys.

"Never you fear, Jem Turple. I wouldn't wonder but it 'd support a hull family. Yours, for instance."

Jim shrank back amid derisive laughter. No girl had yet been found who was willing to become Mrs. Turple, though Jim, always looking out for *the* one, paid his court to every likely lass.

"What's the damages, mother?" asked one of the Kennerys, a strong-limbed lad with a pleasant face.

"A shillin' a dozen," was the terse reply.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Fleming, falling into deep thought, from which he presently roused himself to remark: "That's jes about a penny apiece. That's about the size of it."

Every one had some comment to make, mostly in jest, and they swore over simple sentences in serene and friendly fashion. Indeed they were so absorbed in expressing their views that Mrs. Kennery had to rap on the deck to secure their attention again.

"Ef you'd agreed on this fur a law, an' it 'd begun to work, I'd 'a' had twenty-three cents by this time, an' that might 'a' fed 'em both fur one day." She looked anxiously round upon her audience. They were not ill-disposed, but yet not won over; that she well knew. She must speak to them again, more earnestly, more convincingly, with God's help. "Mates," she began, in a voice that showed the depth of her feeling, "I've lived among you fifteen years, an' I never asked a favor until now; but I've done many a thing to help in time o' need." Her voice faltered.

Some one called out, "So you hev, Mis' Kennery," reassuringly; and she raised her head, and thanked the speaker with a smile.

"So now—" she was continuing, when the little fellow, who was used as a lever to raise these men above their own level, decided to act for himself and plead his own cause. In perfect unconsciousness of all that was at stake, he wanted to make friends with somebody, and suddenly straightened himself up and began to toddle toward Sam Bilberry, in the centre of the group. As he reached the old sailor's foot he lost his balance and tumbled forward, striking his head on the Bilberry shin, a bone with no softness in it. Every man expected him to cry; but he never thought of such a thing. He just grasped at the loose trousers to steady himself, and leaned against old Sam in a vague, aimless sort of a way, and looked up sweetly, and said, "Baby dood, mamma."

Who could help thinking of the East farm and its poplar-trees, of the feeble old grandmother watching there by her dead, and of the mother who would be buried on the morrow in one of those quiet lonely resting-places—God's acre—in the corner of a green and fertile field?

The child's special plea was made, and his cause was won; for, after a moment's silence, there arose a murmur of consent. Bilberry had him in his arms at once, and carried him about from one to another, that the men might get acquainted with him.

The tears that came into Mrs. Kennery's eyes rolled unheeded down her cheeks; she only smiled and said: "Come down now, friends, an' hev a cup o' coffee, an' smoke a pipe over it," leading the way to the cabin herself. The room was soon filled, and the first-comers were first served. Order appeared to be Heaven's first law as well at a canal-boat supper as elsewhere.

All was quickly done, and man after man came on deck again to saunter about with a clean new pipe in his mouth, and enjoy the sweet evening air. The best of the men had the air of making a great resolution, and the rest were uncertain, uneasy, and looking for some leader. They would be in the majority, but they hadn't much choice as to sides.

When they were assembled again on deck, Sam Bilberry went up to Mrs. Kennery and said that, by her leave, they would hold a bit of a meeting at the bow; and then they all went forward, and gathered together there like a swarm of bees. While they puffed away at their pipes they kept an eye on Bilberry, and were evidently ready to listen to anything *he* was ready to say.

But he was slow of speech, and it required several clearings of the throat and scratchings of the head and pulls at the collar before he finally began, "Well, mates."

"Old Bilberry looks awful sheepish," whispered a mischief-loving fellow.

"Sheepish, eh?" retorted Bilberry, catching the words. "Sheepish, ye said? I hev brains enough to know when I'm put in a hole, ef that's what ye mean. Fact is, mates, I wish I could say *no* to a woman, an' yet I don' know as I want to. 'Tis trew there's a deal o' peace in a good honest swear; an' again I'd get some comfort out o' payin' a few cents fur that purty baby o' East's ef I *did* swear."

Some one asserted that it wouldn't kill them to swear when they wanted to, and bring up the baby too; but Bilberry asserted that that wouldn't suit *him* altogether. He felt himself as if the two didn't go together.

"It's interferin' with our liberties as individooals," said a fellow with a steely blue eye and a thick complexion.

"Then keep yer liberties an' put down her pipe, will ye? What in thunder air ye doin' here anyway, Larry, eatin' the widder's supper, an' then kickin'?"

Larry mumbled something apologetic in reply. "Didn't mean much," he said.

"Glad to hear it," growled Bilberry, only half appeased, but wholly restored to his masterful ways by his legitimate wrath.

"Ye see, men, when a woman's got the right on her side 'tain't easy to say *no;* an' this *re*quest is for somethin' we'd oughter be proud to do. Say we vote it."

"All right," was the general sentiment.

"Larry," said the old man, turning to the object of his brief wrath, "you're the boy to say it. You're more used to sech ways."

Soothed and reinstated in his own good graces, Larry rose. Thrusting both hands into his trousers pockets, he gave his body a swing that seemed to draw each person within the circle of his address, and began: "It is moved—"

"*An'* seconded," interjected Bilberry.

"No, Mr. Bilberry; not yet. The secondin' always comes in *second* in meetin's."

It was Bilberry's turn to subside.

"It is moved that the canallers on this 'ere Bronceton Canal stop swearin', an' a fine is fixed at the rate of a shillin' a dozen. All the fines is to be paid to Mis' Kennery or Mis' Flemin', for the benefit of the orphan, Dave East's boy. All in—"

"Seconded," Bilberry broke in.

"Mr. Bilberry, *will* ye hev the goodness to wait a minit?"

"But ye've finished the motion. 'Tis time to second."

"Go ahead, then, an' second."

Chorus of "Go ahead, Bilberry."

"All right. I second Larry Peck's move. Now I've gone ahead. Come on, the rest o' ye."

"All in favor of this motion say 'aye,'" continued Larry.

And every man said, "aye, aye."

"That's done, then, Mr. Bilberry. The motion's carried. And now let's hev another look at the youngster."

"All right. Hooray!"

Mrs. Kennery brought him herself, and stood there with moist eyes, but a brave and cheerful countenance.

"'Tis all right, Mis' Kennery. We're a-goin' to do it. You bet your life we'll do it," said Bilberry. "But, mates, when 'll we begin? Let's settle that."

Consenting minds appointed sunrise of the following day; and the men seemed to feel pretty well satisfied with themselves as they went away in groups of twos and threes in the fast-gathering darkness. The two elderly men lingered to have a last word with their hostess—Limber and Sam Bilberry.

The former said, genially, "I allers knowed you was a good woman, Mis' Kennery; an' now you're a-helpin' in great need."

She looked at him in surprise.

"One feller won't chip in nohow," he went on, after a moment's reflection; "but I guess he's the only one."

"Who's that?"

"John Tranahan, in course. He's the one as said he wouldn't be found dead to this meetin'."

"Hev to do without him, mother," said Fleming, who had been carried quite out of his every-day experience, and stimulated to a partisanship that might almost be called *offensive.*

"Pity to give up any," responded his wife.

"By Jehoshaphat! you needn't do it!" exclaimed Bilberry. "There I go. Hev to pay ahead, Mis' Kennery," he said, flushing up under his weather-beaten skin. "But I've got a pull on John Tranahan, an' I'll try it ef you men 'll come along an' see fair play."

"Don't go for to fight, Mr. Bilberry," said Mrs. Fleming.

"'Tain't fists, ma'am; it's heads an' tongues; an' the meetin' 'll go an' find him afore bedtime."

"I'll go with ye," said Limber; "but I'd like powerful well to know what kind o' a pull ye've got *afore* I go."

"Well, I shouldn't want it known on the canal, but I'll tell you folks." Here he bent over and whispered as if he were a teacher of elocution, and meant to be heard a quarter of a mile away, "*I know his number!*" He then left the boat, accompanied by Limber, Fleming, and the two oldest Kennerys, to persuade Tranahan by methods that could hardly fail.

When the sun rose next morning there was a new order of things in Bronceton Valley, yet life seemed to be going on as usual.

Boats crept along with the speed of the fabled tortoise, and the motive power, far in advance, looked like a big awkward spider at the end of long and fine-spun thread.

The *Castor and Pollux* had to be loaded for its homeward trip, and could not get away from Peterton in those early hours. The Kennerys worked like bees till the day was far advanced; but at last the black mules Nig and Nag were brought ashore, and the boat was ready to start.

Much freight had brought prosperity to the boats on this canal; prosperity led the boats to buy good animals, and the best of all possessions were mules. Now the mule that is not as slow and apathetic as it is tough and strong is still to be discovered, and the man who is not impatient when he has a mule to drive is yet to be found also. This fact would of itself account for much of the profanity which troubled the women. Of course the mules knew English only "as she was spoke" in their hearing, and it might have been foreseen that they would miss their accustomed stimulant.

Now it appeared that those particular mules might have heard something of the great reform meeting of the night before. There they stood in their stable while their mistress made her famous speech and the East baby achieved his conquest; how could they help hearing some of the talk? It seemed wonderfully like it, for they had evidently organized a rebellion of their own. If Mrs. Kennery and Mrs. Fleming were going to stand up against swearing, *they* meant to stand up against *not* swearing. They walked out like mules that had some fancied grievance, and were ready to pick a quarrel with any one. George Kennery was the driver, and when he spoke to them they should have started the boat firmly and slowly, as they well knew how. But they wouldn't. George whacked them well, but they said they didn't care for that; they had something on their minds.

A crowd soon collected. Some backed the driver, some favored the mules. All were diverted by the unwonted sight of any difficulty with Mrs. Kennery's mules. That good woman appeared herself upon the towpath, and tried apples and persuasion with no better result, so George began to belabor the brutes again. It was a lucky thing for the Kennerys' property that old Limber came up just then. He looked at the four long, expressive black ears, turned back at a most undesirable angle; at the drooping flanks already seamed with the lines of George's whip; and at the tails, which gave little switches down at the tips.

"Poor critturs!" he said, aloud. "Seem to hev some trouble, Mis' Kennery," he continued, politely.

"Whatever can we do?" was her response. "Time's money, an' we should hev gone two mile a'ready."

"Pity!" ejaculated Limber, with pretended sympathy.

"I'll pay two shillin' to any one as starts 'em an' doesn't injure 'em any way," continued Mrs. Kennery, looking at the crowd with a troubled face.

"Twist their ears," "No; their tails," "Build a fire," "Fetch another team," were some of the suggestions offered by the crowd; but all in vain. Limber's thin, nervous hands snatched the lines from George. They were gathered up in a way that even the mules recognized as professional and meaning business, while Limber began to swear in a steady and experienced and convincing manner. The boat must go. He meant what he said, and they understood him so. The ears flopped forward, each mule threw his weight against the collar, and made the first step in advance. They rubbed together as they leaned sidewise in the united effort to start the dead weight; up rose the muscles under the skin, one steady strain, and the mass began to yield—the boat moved.

Limber turned to Mrs. Kennery, who stood beside him with a most distressed expression on her care-worn face. "Eh?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. "Thank you; but it's awful."

"Not as bad as a good parrot," he retorted.

"Yes, it's worse; but I'll keep my word, an' pay the two shillin'." She drew out a much-used purse.

"Thank ye kindly," said Limber; "'tis jes what I owe fur swearin' under them new rules. I'll pay it in fur the boy." There was loud laughter from the crowd, but Limber continued: "Ev'ry little helps, ye know. *Some one* had to swear a deal this fust day, jes fur bread an' milk; *an' the mules knowed it.* See?"

It was arranged that little East should live beside the canal that was to care for him. His home was to be at Dan Jasper's. Dan kept the lock, and kept also one of those stores which seem to be necessary appendages of locks, that the passing boatman may supply his simple needs. Dan's wife really had it in charge, and she amiably added little East and his grandmother to her already varied cares as soon as Mrs. Ruddles could complete her arrangements for moving from the farm.

It was a good plan. As the men went up and down with the boats they saw the living reminder of their pledge—the pensioner on their bounty. Soon the child learned to run out to meet every boat, and have a talk with the men as they waited to get through in turn. These were the only moments when they could see him. In the lock all was activity, and once out they must all hurry on. But they had many a good time with the boy while they were waiting. He was nobody's fool, but a clever child, who would grow up to be a credit to Bronceton Canal.

The fines were paid over to Mrs. Dan, who kept a mysterious account of them. Funds poured in for a few days, for the men were honest about it. Then came a lessening of the sums; which state of virtue Mrs. Kennery rather regretted, though she heaped reproaches on her own head for such an inconsistency. Money became tight, and Mrs. Dan complained that she couldn't rightly feed and clothe them, let alone any thought of profit.

"What 'll we do about it, Mis' Kennery? Hev a swearin' bee?"

Mrs. Kennery shook her head reprovingly. But it was evident that in inverse ratio to the moral tone of the canallers would be the physical tone of the lad; and after his old grandmother had peacefully slept herself out of life, the self-constituted guardians began to talk about having a subscription to eke out the boy's support. Their charge must suffer no neglect.

Many a dime and nickel did the little fellow carry in to Mrs. Dan, no fine at all, but a free gift. He never asked for a penny for himself, and every fellow felt proud of that.

The chief council which directed all matters pertaining to Sammy's welfare thought he ought to be vaccinated and baptized—"Leastways other folks done it fur *their* children"—and a deputation, consisting of Mrs. Kennery and her oldest son and the Flemings, went to the handsomest church in Peterton to gain some insight into these things.

"It don't cost nothin' to find out somethin'," Mrs. Fleming said, discreetly. And so it came to pass that the little group entered the rectory of the aforesaid church to state these needs. Vaccinating came first in order of conversation. The minister didn't do it, he said; but after he had told them to take the boy to Dr. Stickwell, the way was cleared for the greater matter.

In this Mrs. Kennery was the spokeswoman, and a good clear case it was which she laid before his Reverence.

There are ministers and ministers, as is widely known; this one had a generous fund of sympathy, as well as a sense of humor that seemed to shed a side light on the every-day occurrences of a quiet town. To him Mrs. Kennery poured out her heart—all their hearts. He heard of her philanthropic move on the canal, of the boy's parentage and temperament, the peculiar nature of his support, and the general improvement on the beat. The story ended with the triumphant statement that little East "had fell in the canal three times, an' wa'n't afraid o' nothin'."

"Three times," repeated Mr. Johnson, playfully. "He's all ready for immersion, then."

Four faces fell. "Is that the way you do it?" Mrs. Kennery asked.

"No; but I *would* do it that way if you wished."

"N—o, I guess not," said Mr. Fleming, briskly. "We get enough o' that every day."

"How *do* you do it?" Mrs. Fleming plucked up courage to ask.

Mr. Johnson smiled. "Come in and *see* how we do it," he said. "Two children are to be baptized at the afternoon service."

"All right," replied Mr. Fleming.

"An' we wanted to talk to you about the name," said Mrs. Kennery. "We thought to make a moniment out o' that name, an' call him *Swear.*"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, in horror.

"Yes, sir; *Swear*—jes fur a middle name, ye know. Samooel's the fust name, an' East's the last; an' we thought we'd kinder tuck in *Swear*, right in the middle, fur a reminder."

Mr. Johnson's hand was raised to his face to insure the absolute resistance of every muscle to a tendency to smile. "Do you know the nature of an oath, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Flemin'," suggested that gentleman, helpfully. "Well, I orter."

"Mebbe the minister thinks we ain't in solemn earnest," said Mrs. Kennery. "We've ben a-thinkin' he'd be a kind o' cov'nant, like the Bible; an' when he was a-growin' up he'd remember what we'd done fur him, an' he'd do his part, an' do us credit; so you see 'tain't no joke, nor nuthin' o' that kind."

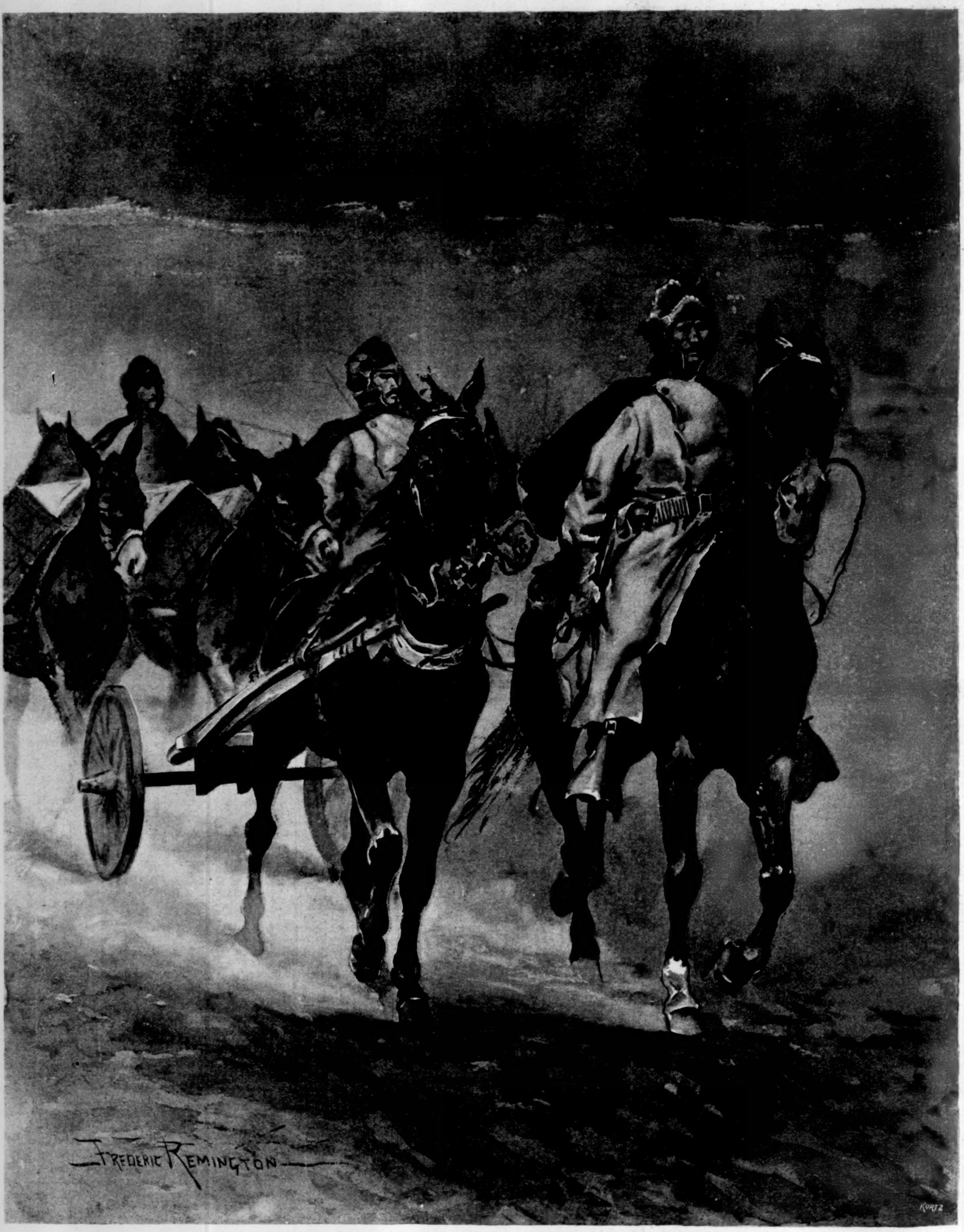
"I see," said the good man.

"Don't ye think, sir, ye can stand the hull thing—name an' baptizin' an' all?"

Mr. Johnson thought he could.

The person who looked ahead was Sair' Ann. Crowned by her domestic triumphs and surrounded by relations, who *always* thought that "Sair' Ann's biscuits was lovely," she looked forward with happy anticipation to the possession of a man of her own, and a boat of their own, and all the joys incident thereto."

An imagination thus projected into the future was equally ready to "forecast the years" for all; and the experiences of the canal child gave her many a good opportunity. Not the least of these was the significant middle name. Its meaning seemed to draw the boy into closer relation to the older peo-



THE SIOUX WAR—FINAL REVIEW OF GENERAL MILES'S ARMY AT PINE RIDGE—THE HOTCHKISS CANNON.—[SEE PAGE 106.]

ple, and to perpetuate the pledge; but Sair' Ann flatly refused to consider it *au sérieux*.

"He'll forgit it all, ma," she often said. "Nobody 'll ever know what S. S. East's hull name is, leastways what the second *S* stands for. Thribbles says so."

"In course that settles it, Sair' Ann," Mrs. Fleming would say with tranquil sarcasm. "But there ain't a soul for a hundred mile around 'at don't know about Samooel Swear East."

"That's the way *now*, ma; but bimeby folks won't know."

"Seems as if they would," persisted Mrs Fleming.

But Sair' Ann continued: "An' like enough Samooel S. East 'll call one o' his boys *Swear East*, jes' by itself; an' his wife 'll tell people it's an old fam'ly name."

NO WRECK ASHORE

Was ever more hopelessly stranded than a wrecked constitution, whether its disaster be the product of some formidable malady, or that slow, premature decay that seems to fasten upon some constitutions without apparent adequate cause. An excellent means of checking this gradual drain of the sources of vitality is the beneficent tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, enriches the blood, and gives substance as well as stamina to an enfeebled frame. Constipation, feebleness of the kidneys and bladder, fever and ague, and rheumatism, are among the bodily ailments which it remedies promptly and thoroughly. Persistence in its use is well merited by it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DESERVING CONFIDENCE.

THERE is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Cough, and Sore Throat should try them. They are universally considered superior to all other articles used for similar purposes.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

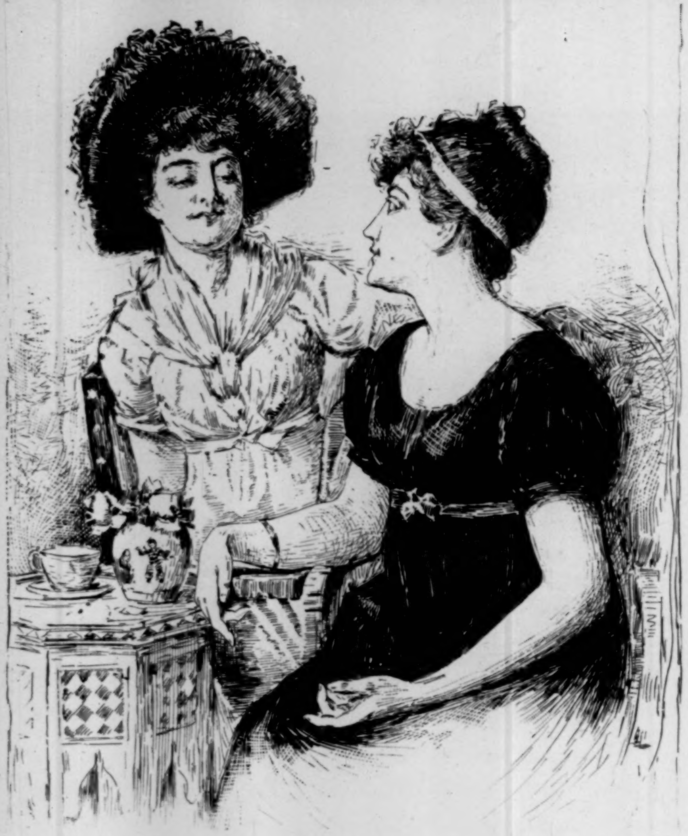
BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

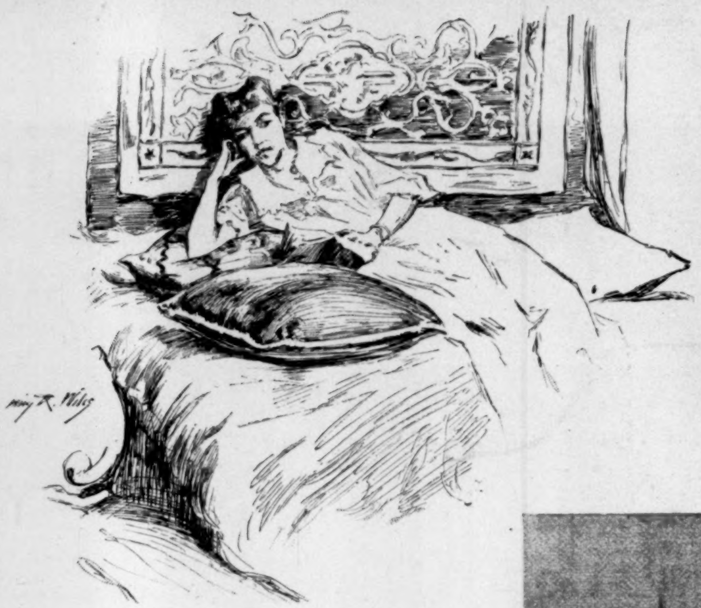
No well-regulated household should be without Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

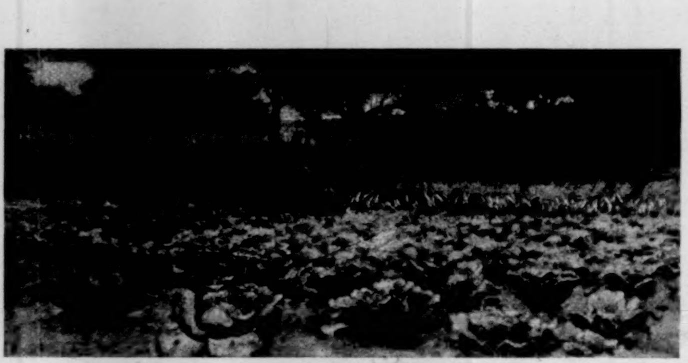


GOSSIP.—FRANK R. GREEN.

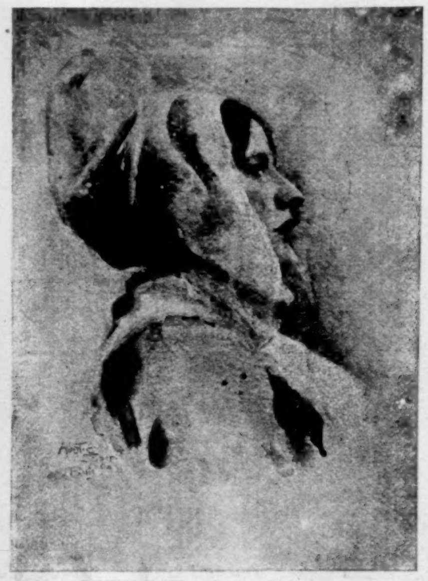


WITH THOUGHTS AFAR.—IRVING R. WILES.

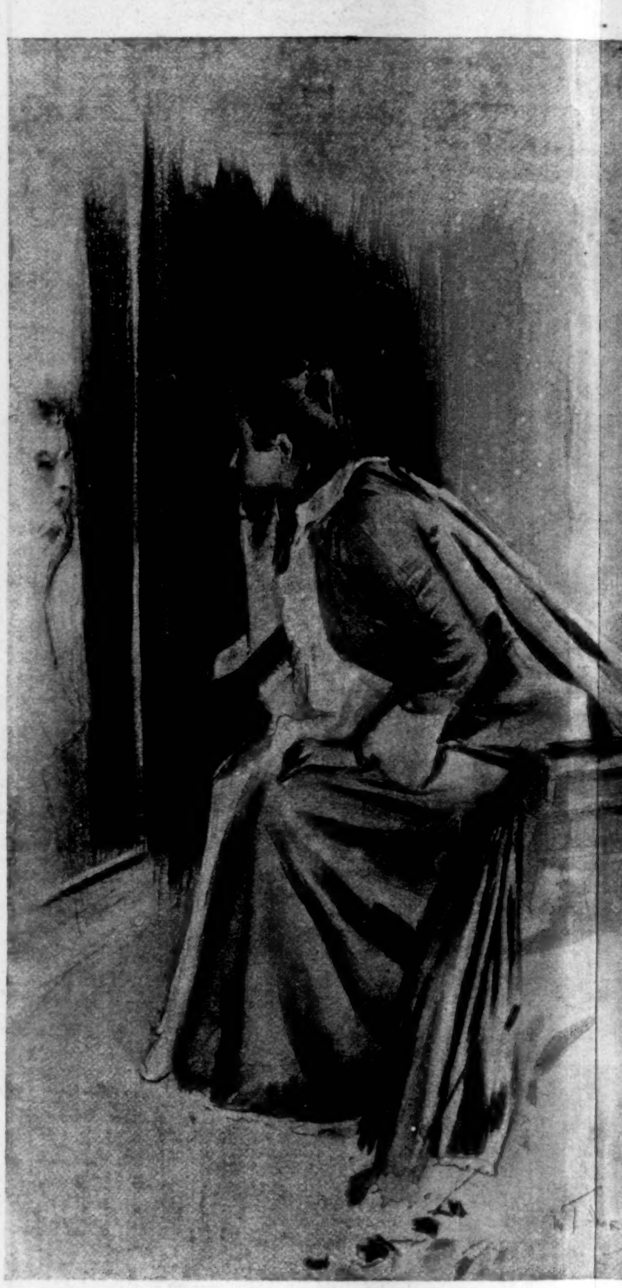
SHED AND STACK.—H. W. RANGER.



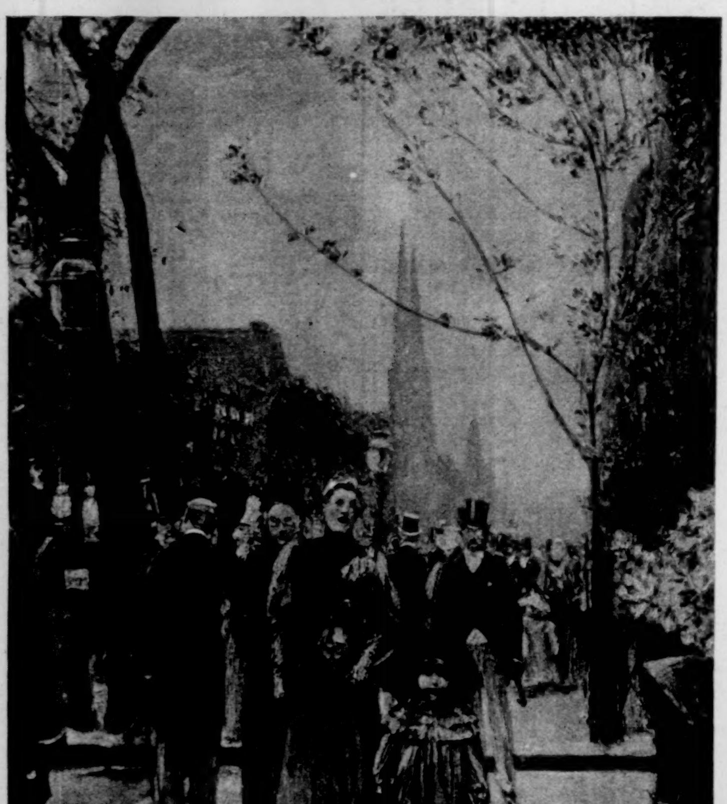
IN MISCHIEF.—CHARLES C. CURRAN.



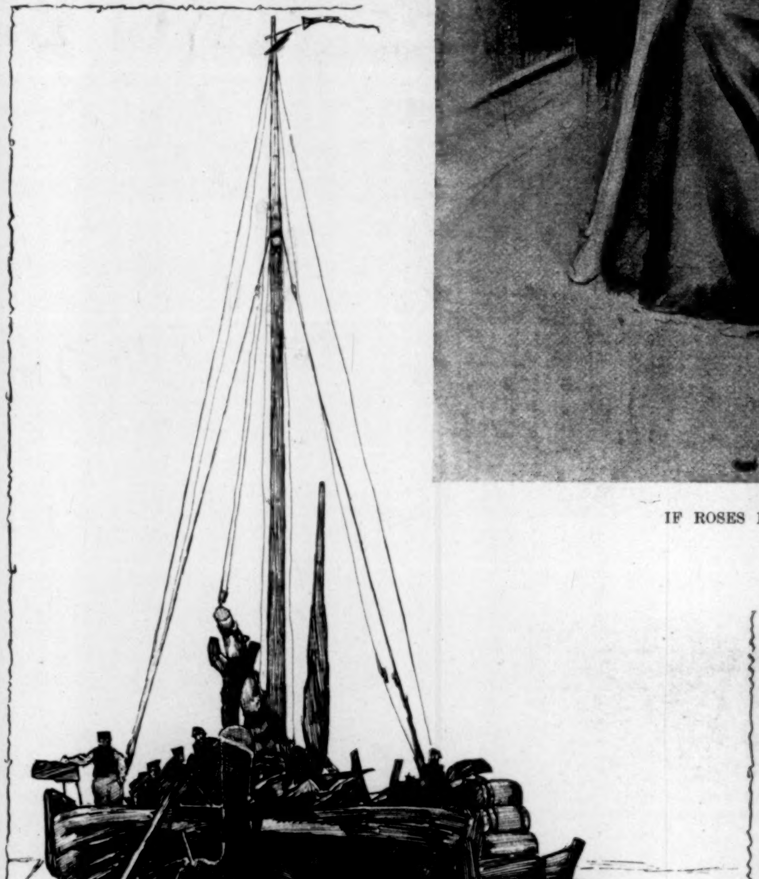
DUTCH GIRL.—ALBERT E. STERNER.



IF ROSES FADE.—W. T. SMEDLEY.



FIFTH AVENUE.—CHILDE HASSAM.

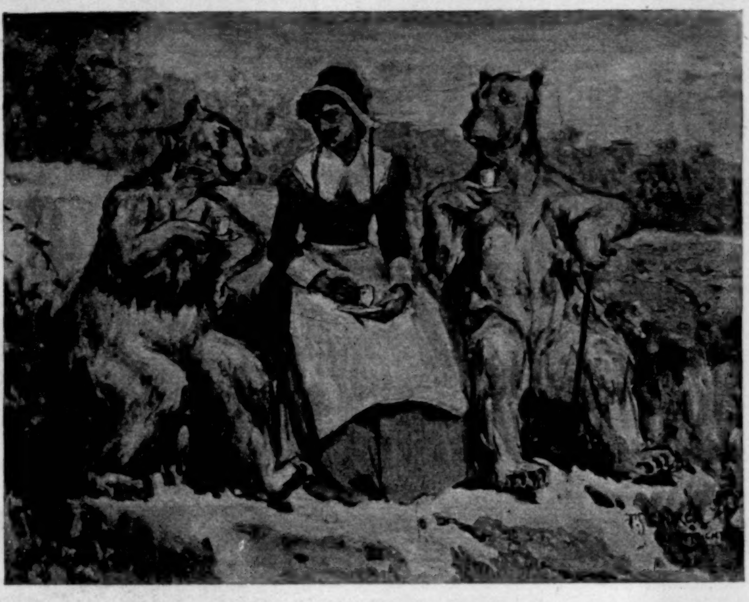


DUTCH FISHING-BOAT.—WILL H. DRAKE.

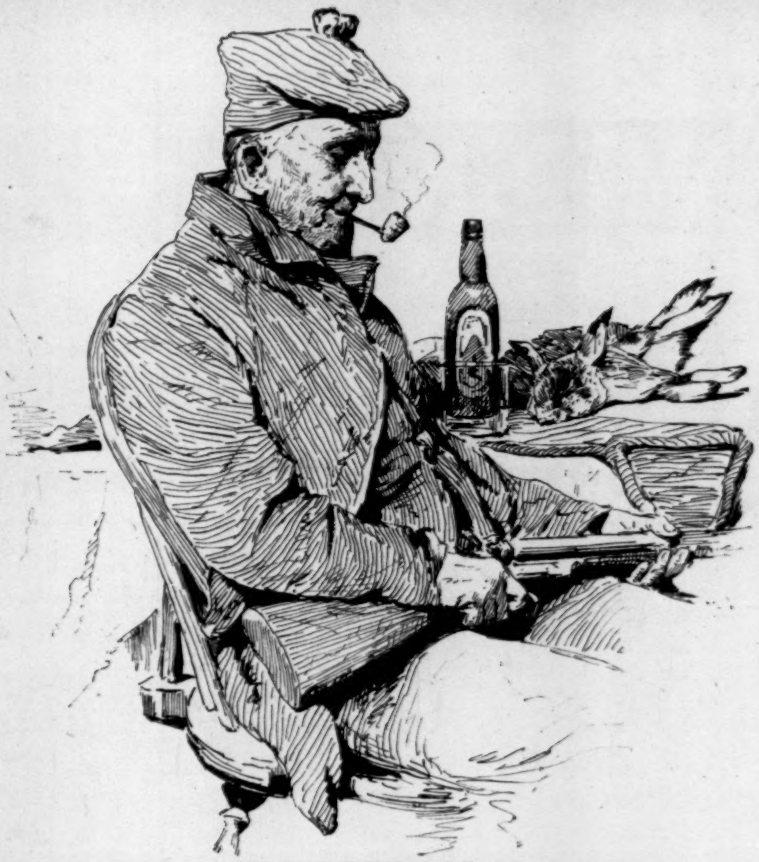
SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

SKETCHES FROM THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-CO

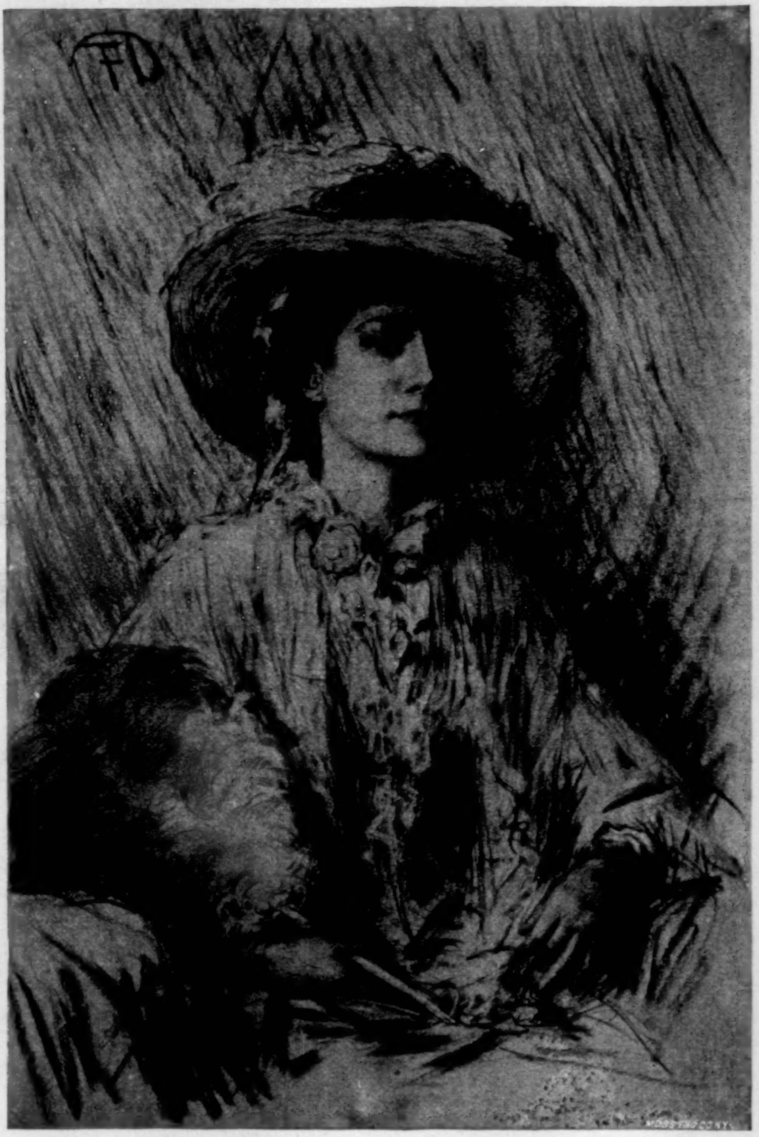
EEL



AFTERNOON TEA.—F. S. Church.

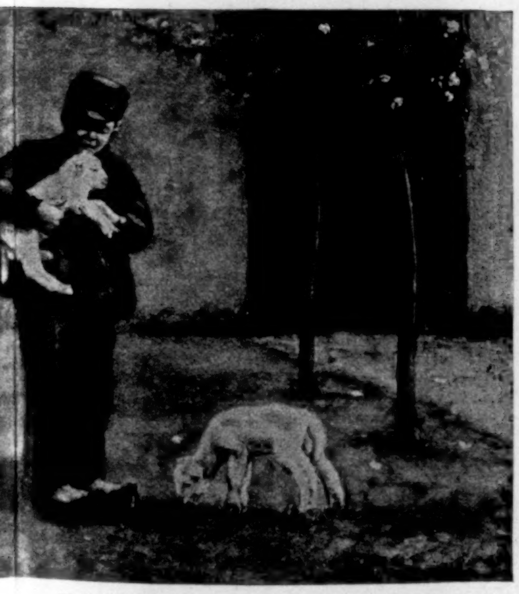


THE GAME-KEEPER.—L. C. Earle.

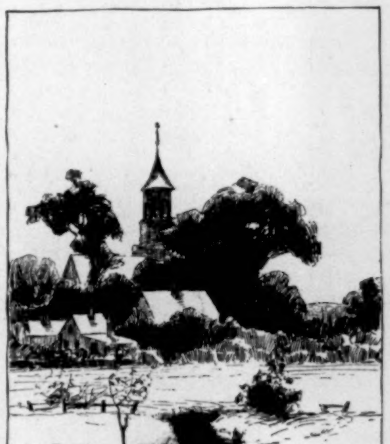


ELEANOR.—Frederick Dielman.

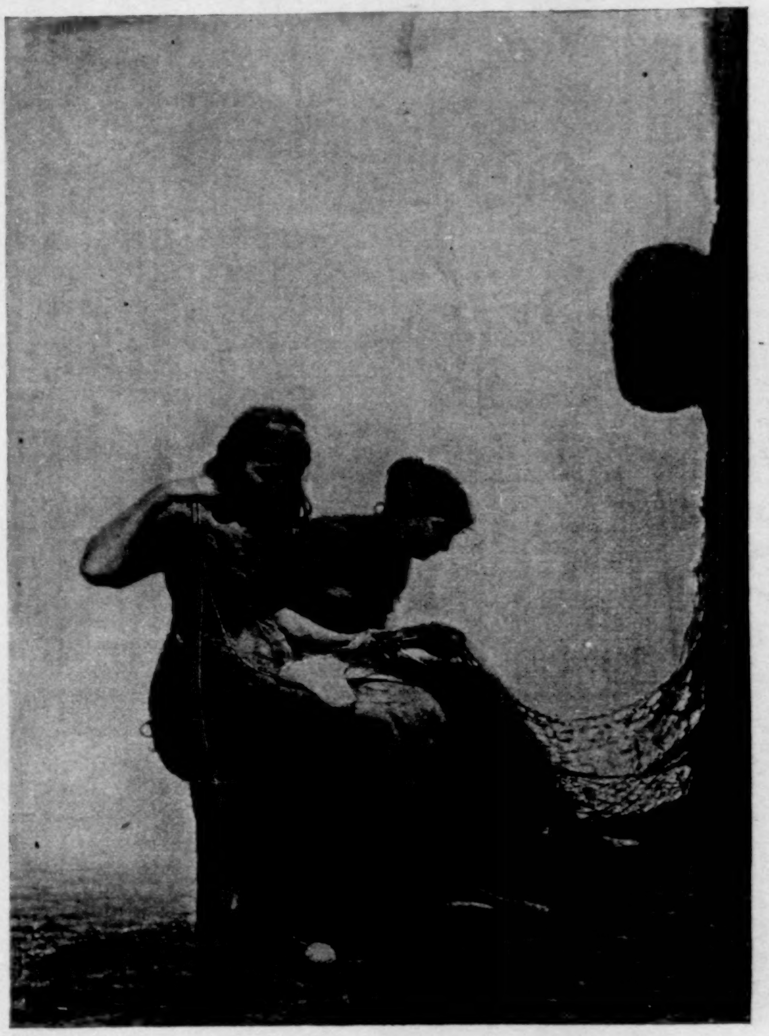
INDIAN-SUMMER.—C. Harry Eaton.



FRIENDS.—Clark Crum.



IN THE MEADOWS.—W. Merritt Post.



MENDING NETS.—Winslow Homer.

-COLOR SOCIETY AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.—[See Page 107.]